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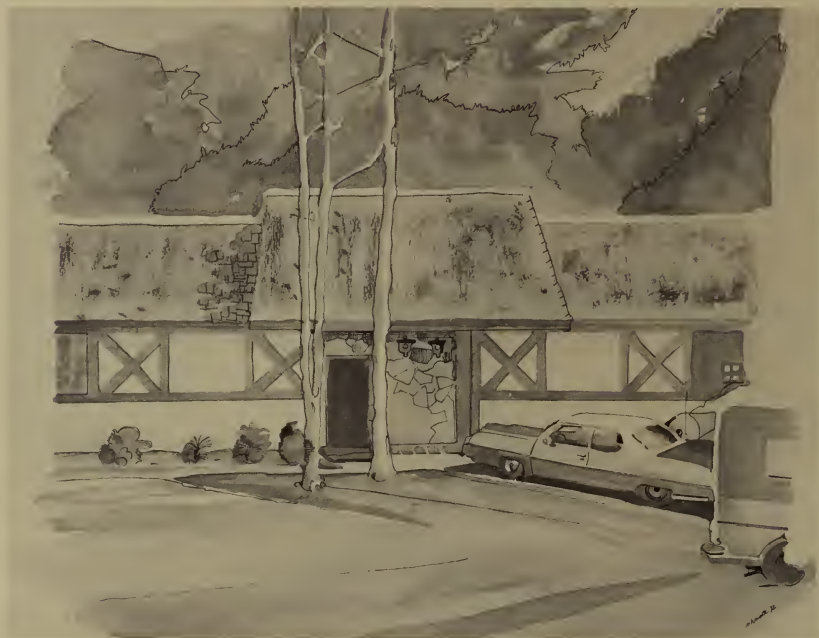
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Chronicle

CS-574-1



Meet the man whom every lady calls a gentleman - Lamar.



He felt some people have better things to do than label sunset as the day's end, so he put life back into night for the people who want every moment to count . . .

Now he gives us the night place—where people are together, where he and she can be a party . . . Lamar's, something to be remembered.

LAMAR'S

Served are fine kosher foods and pizza.

Rich domestic and imported beer is on tap.

Just bring your lady and your favorite drink. From the bar your choice is kept and served to your order.



HERE

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bowen

I started to write an editorial tonight, but I changed my mind. For one thing, I don't have too much to say, and for another, the magazine pretty well speaks for itself anyway. So I'll just make a few general remarks about what we're doing.

This is the *Chronicle*, a magazine of sorts. We plan to put out two more issues besides this one, if everything goes well, and possibly a short supplement at the end of the year. Other than that, our plans are fairly loose. This particular issue is

primarily based around artistic efforts by students and members of the university community. The next issue may be something entirely different, possibly with a different name even, no one knows yet.

Our main purpose is to provide a medium for just about any kind of creative activity by members of the university community. We're always looking for new ideas to try out, so suggestions, contributions, criticisms, or unusual ideas are always welcome. This is your magazine, in the sense that you pay for

it, so let us know what we're doing wrong, or right, whatever you think.

Like I said, I don't have that much to say. We've spent most of the past several weeks putting this thing together and I'm almost glad to be rid of it so I can worry myself to sleep over the next one. Anyway, this is the first *Chronicle* for 1972-3, I hope you like it.

Charles Huff
Editor-in-Chief

The Staff

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The Chronicle

The CHRONICLE is the official student variety magazine of Clemson University, published four times a year, more or less. Address all correspondence to CHRONICLE, Box 2186, Clemson University Station, Clemson, South Carolina 29631. Student subscriptions are paid through student activities fee (there's no escape!). Other subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, \$3.00 per year; Canada and Pan American Union countries, \$4.00; other foreign, \$5.00 per year. Second Class permit pending, at Clemson, South Carolina. The opinions expressed do not necessarily coincide with those of the student body, faculty, administration, or anybody, for that matter. The editor assumes responsibility for all opinions expressed in the CHRONICLE, if there are any.

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299347

When my master called me today
I refused to answer.
Instead I hid in my closet,
making myself small
beneath a pile of old clothes in the corner.
I heard them searching for me in the other room,
Laughing to myself, because I knew,
I knew they would not find me.
Who would think to look in so small a place
as I have hidden?
Who would think to look beneath the refuse,
beneath all the old disguises
So long ago thrown out.
I nearly cackled with laughter
When one of the guards actually began
To search within the closet itself.
He stood so close that I could,
without revealing myself,
Have reached out one laughing finger
to touch him.
Then, in his abominable clumsiness,
He stepped on my hand.
It was all I could do to keep from crying out a cry
so loud, so pained,
it would have given me away.
But I didn't. I did not scream.
Instead I moved that hand
Out of his clumsy way,
Retracted myself
Further
Further,
And laughed my silent curses
Until they were gone again.

Pete Arlan

She answered the phone.
Hello.

"Kiss my ass you goddam bitch."

She said, "You must have the wrong number."

He hung up.

Mrs. Adelaide Rainwater went back to her magazine. She was still cheerful as usual. Things like that call never disturbed her. She was very proud of her sensibleness and delighted in taking command of situations. She flipped through the pages of *True Detective Magazine* to see if there were any stories she had missed. They were tales of

blood and gore, the details of murders and terrible crimes, stories of the detective work on actual crimes. Mrs. Rainwater would shake her head over the horrible violence. She liked to write stories based on absurd murders and accidents, and sometimes she got ideas from *True Detective*.

Mrs. Rainwater had taken up writing and painting after her husband Lawrence, a railroad engineer, had died from a heart attack. Her friends said she took it like a strong woman. Mrs. Rainwater sometimes let friends who begged her read her poetry, but she had let no one read

her short stories. She had an old trunk in her room that was half full of books, and she put her completed short stories and poetry on top. She thought they were pretty good, but did not really want anyone to read them because they weren't good enough. She told people she only wrote for herself. So she put them in her trunk and gloated over them. She thought it was a little like Emily Dickinson.

Mrs. Rainwater wore her long dark hair with the gray hairs scattered through it carefully pulled back and done up with pins and a silver comb that Mr. Rainwater had

WILLIAM



—Fiction by
Betty S. Ford

bought her on their vacation to Mexico. They had been married for twenty years when he died. She had worked in the office of the Calvary Baptist Church since Lawrence died. She and her best friend Mrs. Bates made up the secretarial staff. Mrs. Bates wore a special shoe on one foot with a built-up sole to make both her legs the same length. She had had polio when she was a child.

Mrs. Rainwater had a reputation for being artistic. It was known among the people in the church that she painted and wrote poetry. Her specialty was watercolors of luna moths about to light upon gardenias. She had done dozens of them. Mrs. Bates had several, and Mrs. Rainwater had given the best one she had turned out in the past six months to Walter Russ, an insurance man and a deacon in the church.

Mrs. Rainwater told Mrs. Bates about the phone call she had gotten. They decided it was some man calling random women and saying things. Mrs. Rainwater certainly had no enemies.

That night the phone rang again.
"Hello."

"You don't know me."

"Oh?"

"I just wanted to find out if it's true."

"What's that?"

"That you're so liberal."

"What do you mean liberal? How am I liberal?"

"Just the things I've heard. That time some black people came to that church of yours. You were the only person to sit on that whole pew with them."

"So?" she said.

"So I'm a black man."

"I know, you sound black. Were

you one of them?" she asked.

He said, "What'cha been doing?"

"I was reading."

"What are you reading?"

"*Lolita*."

"Is it good?"

"Very, very good. What were you doing?" she asked.

"I read a lot too," he said.

"What do you like to read?"

Who's your favorite author?" The line was silent for a moment, and she said, "Or can you say?"

He said, "I read black writers."

"Which ones?"

"Black writers."

"But which ones in particular? Wright? Baldwin?" she demanded.

"Yes. There aren't that many black writers."

She was silent. She suspected that he did not read very much.

"Goodby ol' woman," he said.

"Goodby," she said.

A few minutes later Walter Russ called as he did every night after he prepared for his insurance prospects for the next day. She did not mention the call to him. She was still too puzzled and wanted to mull it over before she said anything to anybody. She was a bit surprised at herself for talking to this man like that, and she wondered if she should have hung up when he didn't give his name, but then she hadn't even asked, which was more surprising to her.

The next day she had forgotten all about the man when the phone rang again. The black man's voice said, "Hello ol' woman." She pretended she did not recognize the voice and asked, "Who's calling please?"

He said again, "It's me ol' woman."

She said, "Why do you call me ol' woman? I'm not that old."

"I know it."

"You do know how old I am and what I look like, don't you?"

"Yes. Pretty good."

"And how old are you?" she asked.

"Just about right for you."

He spoke in a soft whispery voice and laughed. Mrs. Rainwater couldn't tell whether he was making fun of her or not. She laughed anyway.

She said, "I have to get back to work. I'm trying to turn out a short story."

"Oh, a writer too, huh?"

"I try. I have to get back to it now."

He said, "That's a lie."

"Are you calling me a liar?"

"Sure am. Aren't you?"

"In some ways, but not in this case."

"You lie, ol' woman."

She laughed, "Of course."

They laughed much. Mrs. Rainwater matched her wits with him, but soon said, "This liar has to go."

"Goodby ol' woman."

The next night Mrs. Rainwater picked up the ringing phone wondering whether it was going to be Walter or the black man.

"Hello Ol' Woman."

"Oh, it's you again."

He hummed into the phone until Mrs. Rainwater had to say something.

"Who are you and what do you want?"

"I'd like to buy you a steak tomorrow night."

"I'm sorry, I already have plans."

"Are you lying to me again?"

"No, I'm not lying."

"You going to be with that boyfriend of yours?"

"What boyfriend?"

"Don't lie to me again, ol'

woman. I've seen him."

"Walter is not exactly my boyfriend. . . ."

"Yeah? I'm jealous."

"What? Why? That's ridiculous. . . .", she said.

And he said, "Goodbye ol' woman."

When Mrs. Rainwater hung up she was angry and confused. Who was this crazy person and what did he want? Was it a joke? Was he serious, or crazy?

Mrs. Rainwater went back to her new *True Detective Magazine*, but couldn't concentrate on the rape-murder she was reading about. She was thinking about being called and asked out by a black man. She was glad she had talked to him. He was a human being. Color didn't matter. All those books she had read by black authors about the persecution of the Negro, and now a black man was interested in her, obviously. Or was he playing with her, mocking her? Sometimes, in reading the books, she thought that she would have liked to have been black. Persecution could sometimes be very exciting. It would have given her something to work for. Those black books were full of desire for the white woman. Mrs. Rainwater was looking forward to nonchalantly telling Walter about the black man calling her up and asking her out. She knew that Walter was slightly prejudiced, but she liked for him to know that she wasn't.

When Walter called she told him that a black man had asked her out, but she had to turn him down because dear Walter was coming over for dinner. Walter wore glasses, and he had gone bald on top. Mrs. Rainwater thought he looked very distinguished walking down the aisle carrying the offering plate when he was on deacon duty.

When she told him about the man, he was very quiet. She did not exactly know where he stood on the issue. She enjoyed the unorthodoxy of the situation. She told him how her views had developed: "Walter, I don't know how I grew up different in the South. I believed all that stuff I sang in Sunday School about 'Red and yellow, black and white, they are precious in His sight.' I believed it, and then one day I woke up and found that nobody else had taken it seriously. I really feel cheated because I've never really known any black people or had a black friend." She thought all this made her look good. He would know that she had a working mind and strong convictions.

About an hour later the phone rang again.

"Hello ol' woman."

"It's you again."

"Yes. Let me buy a steak for you tomorrow night."

"No. I already told you that I have plans. I'm cooking dinner for Walter."

"Well, can I see you in the afternoon? I really want to see you."

"No, I have to do some grocery shopping and cleaning."

"I'll go with you. I'll take you to the grocery store. It's not the Ritz, but then you wouldn't want to be seen with me in some fancy place."

Mrs. Rainwater was angry. "That's not fair at all. You're trying to put me on the defensive."

The black man chuckled. "I'll pick you up after work."

"I don't know about that," she said.

"See you tomorrow anyway," he said. "Make up your mind. I really want to see you. Can I come over

now?"

"No," she snapped. And the black man chuckled under his breath.

She was angry. "How do you expect me to go out with someone who has never even told me his name?"

"Why, you never asked," he said. "You never cared until now."

"I don't. But what is it?"

"William."

"Is that really your name, or are you lying to me?"

"No, it's Leroy."

"All right, that's enough of that."

"It's William."

"What's your last name?"

"It doesn't matter."

"Why won't you tell me? You know mine. How can you expect me to trust you if you won't even tell me your name? Don't you trust me?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"You might be a liar. Goodbye ol' woman."

The next day at work Mrs. Rainwater deliberately kept the new development in her life from Mrs. Bates at the next desk. It pleased her to think that interesting things occurred in her life all the time, and that she did not have to tell her friend all the trivial incidents that occurred to her every day.

When Mrs. Rainwater got off work she hurriedly walked out to the parking lot of the church before Mrs. Bates had a chance to follow her. All day she had been nervous, wondering whether the man would be out there waiting for her and what she would do if he was. She stepped out into the light and quickly glanced around. She did not see anyone. She was relieved. Her heart had been thudding in her

chest, and she thought that her smile would quiver if she had to meet him. It was so ridiculous for her to be uneasy. What did she care what people thought? He was a human being, and who was she to turn down the overtures of friendship from any human being? But what did this man want?

She walked quickly to her car and started unlocking the door. A dusty white Falcon pulled up beside her from the side of the church building. A Negro man in probably his late forties sat looking at her with his head ducked, looking out from under the roof of the car. She just looked at him. He looked slim. His hair was cut short, but he had a short beard and moustache. He was not so very dark, and he was wearing a red sweater. He was a nice-looking man, she thought. He looked very small and thin and vulnerable sitting down there in the seat.

"Get in," he said.

Mrs. Rainwater hesitated and then opened the door and got in. The car started up, and she wondered what the hell she was doing in this car with this man. She felt foolish. There was no telling what could happen to her. She had read *True Detective* long enough to know what could happen to her. She wondered why she had gotten in just like that. She thought how stupid she was, and then how ridiculous to be afraid. Did she have no trust at all in humanity?

He said, "I don't bite."

She laughed and said, "I know that."

She decided to make the best of it, and she laughed and talked with him. He mostly listened. He drove with his eyes on the road and a half-smile on his face.

Mrs. Rainwater rode quietly for a

while, letting the conversation drop. She watched the passing cars to see if anyone would notice that a middle-aged white woman was riding with a black man in a Southern town. As they turned a corner, a white man noticed them and stared. William ducked his head and laughed. Mrs. Rainwater also laughed nervously.

He said, "Look at this."

Mrs. Rainwater looked where he pointed under the dashboard at his knee and saw what she thought was the handle of a pistol. She just looked and didn't ask what it was. She thought she was supposed to know. He pulled it out slightly, and she saw that it was a pistol. Her heart pounded. She was confused, but she was really not afraid. She just did not understand what was happening.

"Self-protection," he said.

"What do you need that for?" she asked.

"Every black man needs to carry one of these."

"I hate guns," she said, repulsed. "And I can't see any reason why you need to carry one."

"Self-protection," he said. "Never know when you're going to need self-protection."

"What do you need to protect yourself against?" she said.

"Black man's got a lot to protect himself against," he said.

They were quiet for a while, and then he said, "A brother shot me a bird the other day when I was driving around. I pulled out this little baby and aimed it at him. You should have seen that car take off."

Mrs. Rainwater asked, "Is it loaded?"

"Yes!"

She told him, "That's dangerous."

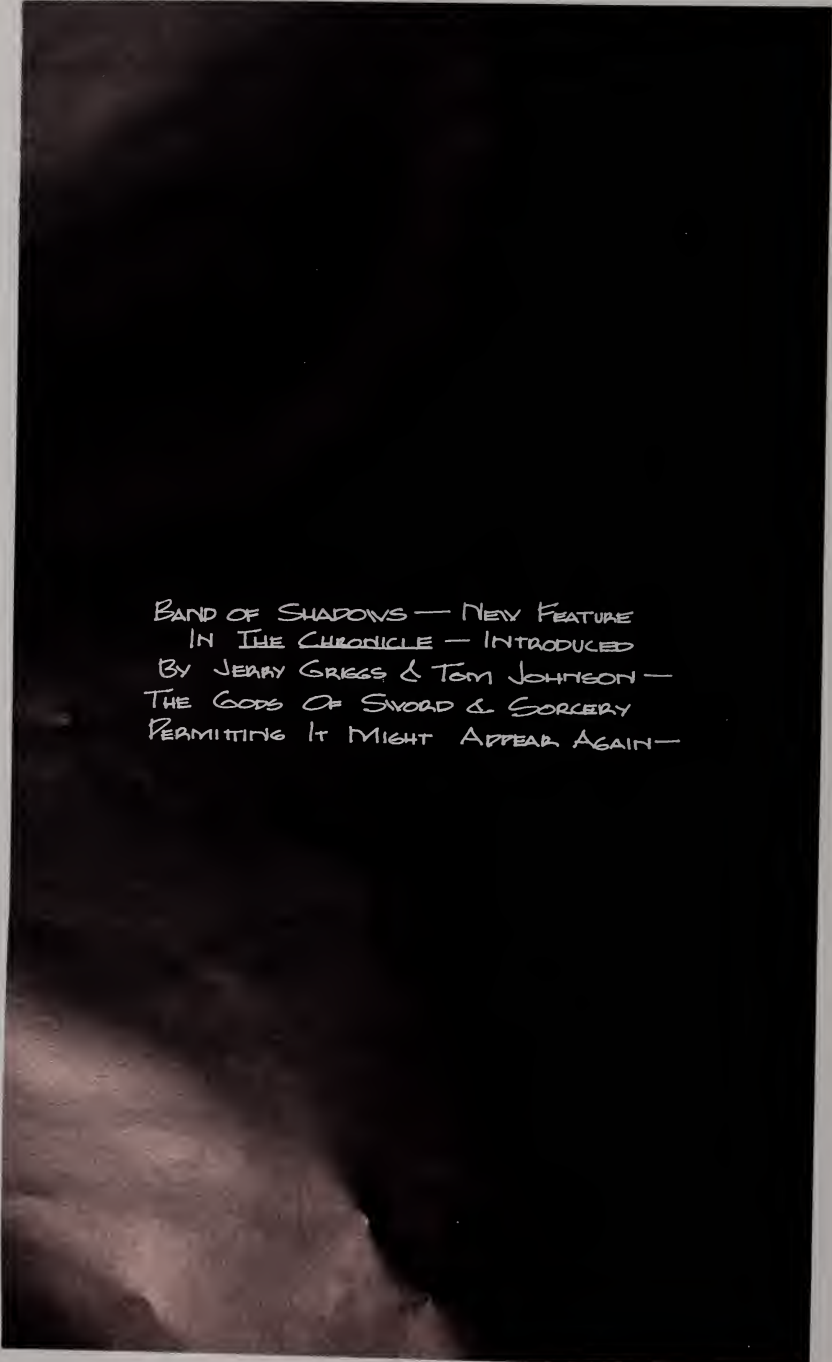
"It's self-protection."

Mrs. Rainwater was relieved when she saw that he really was taking her to the grocery store. He drove her to a store where she didn't usually trade. She was relieved for that much. She immediately chastised herself, but was relieved anyway. No one seemed to notice that they were together when they walked into the store. Everyone when about his own business. Mrs. Rainwater thought they were sure to notice when they started walking by the same shopping cart. She wondered why she had done this without thinking. Buying groceries together would look pretty suspicious. She fervently hoped that she would meet no one that she knew. She was not ashamed she thought. Just didn't want to face the awkwardness. He mind told her that there should be no awkwardness, but by this time she was hating the sight of William, and she wanted to be comfortably with Walter and telling him how she faced the persecution of society by treating this man as just any other man.

William followed her around in the supermarket. Like a dog, she thought. He walked around silently with his hands in the pockets of his slightly baggy brown pants. He didn't seem to be looking at her. She kept up a nervous patter with him about spaghetti sauce and how to tell if a watermelon is ripe. She was surprised how little he talked and how low key he was. He hardly seemed aware of her, for which she was more disturbed than glad. Once in a while he would pick up a can of something and would stand and read the label while she moved on. He did not offer to push the

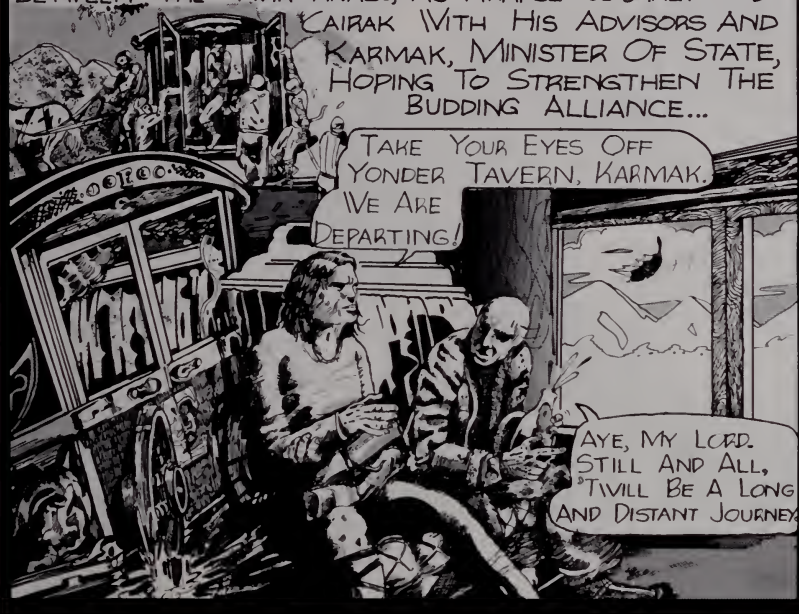
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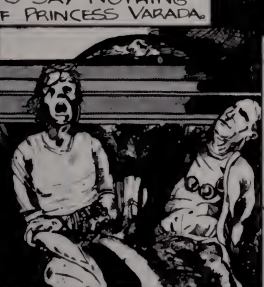
BAND OF SHADOWS — NEW FEATURE
IN THE CHRONICLE — INTRODUCED
BY JERRY GRIFFS & TOM JOHNSON —
THE GODS OF SWORD & SORCERY
PERMITTING IT MIGHT APPEAR AGAIN —

ERAPUR AND CITY NIRON PROSPERED UNDER ARAPEL THE GREATER. FOR TEN YEARS PEACE HAS SURVIVED BETWEEN THE TWIN RIVALS, AS ARAPEL JOURNEYS TO CAIRAK WITH HIS ADVISORS AND KARMAK, MINISTER OF STATE, HOPING TO STRENGTHEN THE BUDDING ALLIANCE...



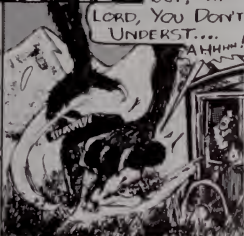
INDEED, IT IS A LONG TRIP, LEAVING MUCH TIME FOR REFLECTION.

TANAGAS, ARAPEL'S ONLY SON RULES IN THE ABSENCE OF HIS FATHER. TANAGAS... LESS THAN STRONG... BESET BY INDISCREETLY AMBITIOUS GENERALS, TO SAY NOTHING OF PRINCESS VARADA.



AND EVEN LESS OF ALTHANAR, HIGH PRIEST OF KHARMA THE ANCIENT. THE JOURNEY COULD NOT BE DELAYED, HOWEVER. ARAPEL MUSES AND BECOMES

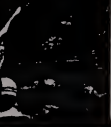
DROWSY, CALLED BY THE DRONING RUMBLE OF CONSISTANT MOTION. HE AWAKENS ABRUPTLY BY A SUDDENLY



ARAPÉL AND KARNAK
WATCH A BRIEF SCENE
OF CARNAGE. HIS
ROYAL ADVISORS ARE
SMASHED AS THEIR
GILDED CARRIAGE IS
LIFTED AND RELEASED.
HELPLESSLY,
ARAPÉL'S COACH
IS THEN
LIFTED...



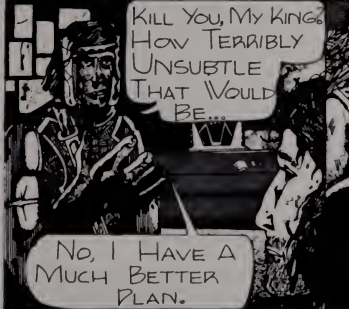
...BUT NOT SMASHED IT IS, INSTEAD,
BORN AWAY BY THE DEMON HORDE TO THE SKY...



ON THE EARTH, ONE REMAINING WARRIOR OF ARAPÉL'S GUARD RISES UNEATEN, AND DASHES
TO AID HIS SOVEREIGN, BEFORE FALLING TO HIS WOUNDS AND THE HOPELESSNESS OF HIS TASK...

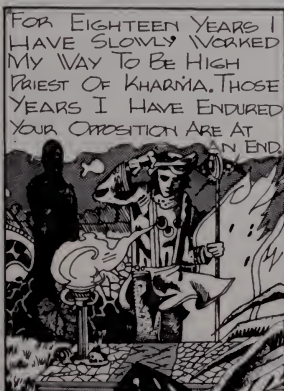


WELL, MY KING, I
TRUST YOU HAD A
PLEASANT JOURNEY?
WHAT DO YOU WANT,
ALTHANAR? WHY DO
YOU KEEP ME HERE--
WHY NOT KILL
ME AND BE
DONE?



KILL YOU, MY KING.
HOW TERRIBLY
UNSUBTLE
THAT WOULD
BE.

NO, I HAVE A
MUCH BETTER
PLAN.



FOR EIGHTEEN YEARS I
HAVE SLOWLY WORKED
MY WAY TO BE HIGH
PRIEST OF KHARMA. THOSE
YEARS I HAVE ENDURED
YOUR OPPOSITION ARE AT
AN END.

"I WAS ONCE A WARRIOR, SUCH AS
YOU WERE IN YOUR PRIME. NOW I AM
THE HIGH PRIEST OF KHARMA--BUT
ONCE I RANSACKED THIS VERY TEMPLE
AS A MERCENARY UNDER KING HELDE--
A GIRL OF NUPUR."

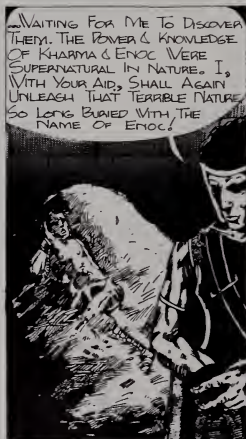
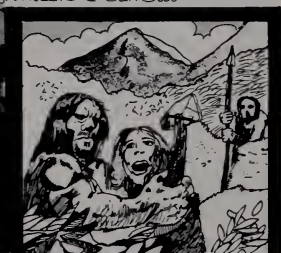
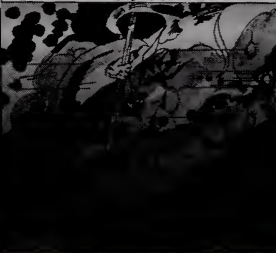


HERE I DISCOVERED
THE LEGENDS OF
KHARMA THE ANCIENT
AND OF ENOC-NUPUR.
NOT EVEN YOU, AR
APEL, KNOW THE
FULL STORY OF
THE GOD YOUR
PEOPLE WORSHIP!

KHARMA AND ENOC-NYROP WERE RIVAL PRINCES OF AN ANCIENT RACE. THEY LED THEIR CIVILIZATION TO GREAT HEIGHTS OF KNOWLEDGE & POWER, THEN DESTROYED IT IN AN ALL-CONSUMING WAR.

IN THE END ONLY THE TWO PRINCES THEMSELVES REMAINED. THE POWER OF ENOC WAS SUPERIOR TO THAT OF KHARMA'S, BUT KHARMA TRICKED THE GREAT ENOC & SLEW HIM THROUGH DECEIT. KHARMA HIMSELF SOON DIED FROM HIS WOUNDS...

THE ONLY WITNESSES TO THE BATTLE WERE SHAGGY PRIMATES WHO REMEMBERED & WORSHIPPED THESE BEINGS. HERE, IN THIS CAVE BELOW THE TEMPLE WERE GATHERED THE REMAINS OF THAT ANCIENT WORLD - TEXTS & STONES TO AMULETS & GEMS...



...WAITING FOR ME TO DISCOVER THEM. THE POWER & KNOWLEDGE OF KHARMA & ENOC WERE SUPERNATURAL IN NATURE. I, WITH YOUR AID, SHALL AGAIN UNLEASH THAT TERRIBLE NATURE SO LONG BURIED WITH THE NAME OF ENOC!



...AND YOU, ABRAPEL, SHALL PROVIDE MY GREATEST ALLY.



GIVE ME A SWORD & I SHALL AID YOUR TRIP TO HELL!



YOU SHALL DIE, DEVIL-DOG, A THOUSAND DEATHS! NOT IN BODY BUT IN SOUL. YOU SHALL FACE A THOUSAND TIMES THE RAGING FIRES OF REMORSE!



AT MY BIDDING YOU WILL PERFORM DEEDS TO MAKE YOUR BELLY CRAWL WITH NAUSEA!



THE GREATEST SERVANT OF GREAT ENOC WAS THE DEMON CALUXATURUS. USING THE KNOWLEDGE I HAVE GAINED AS HIGH PRIEST OF KHARMA...

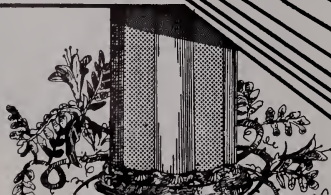
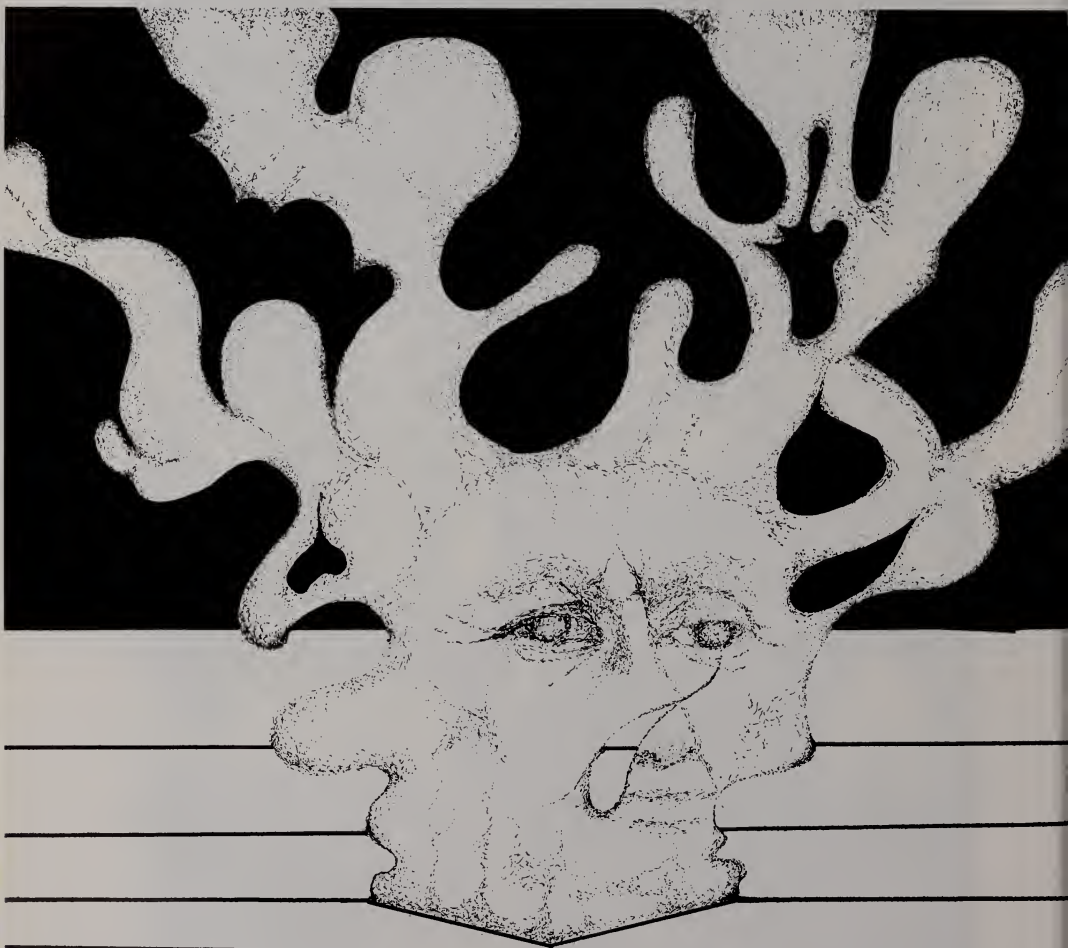


I HAVE SUCCEEDED IN MATERIALIZING THE SHELL OF THE DEMON, BUT TO ANIMATE IT I REQUIRE A LIFEFORM.

AND YOU, ABRAPEL...

“SHALL PROVIDE THAT LIFE.”





FREE W
BY JOHN PRA

Most people thought the popular science writer, A. C. Moft, had come up with the idea. A number of liberals maintained that the Pentagon had hatched the plan, but its most likely origin was with some hack writer for a Sunday supplement. At any rate, the Disney people (remember "Tomorrowland") latched onto the idea, and, with the press's eager help, billed it as the "Biggest Event in History." The idea was this: with advances in science, surely man would eventually develop time travel and the ability to move backwards in time. Well, since we in the present are part of the future's past, why not participate in it? All we have to do is to designate some day in the near future as Time Travel Day. Then widely advertise the day so that it will go down in history as the day on which the first time traveler returns. When travel through time is invented, it will be common knowledge that Time Travel Day is the point in the past to visit.

It's rather doubtful that many people could actually understand the circular chain of events which was supposed to occur, but everyone professed to comprehend the matter fully, and it was the only topic of discussion for weeks preceding the Great Day. All the excitement was, of course, a result of the excellent advertising campaign which went on for six months prior to that now famous July 4th (chosen to insure a big audience and a festive spirit). In addition to the full page newspaper and magazine plugs and blanket T.V. advertisement, the Event got extensive free press coverage from the various fights that arose over where it should be held. Many favored the Astrodome because of its (then) advanced design, but they

finally settled on the Los Angeles Coliseum which would seat more people. The biggest fight broke out when CBS tried to corner exclusive telecasting rights. This spawned the court cases which maintained that the whole thing was in the public domain, being from the future, but none of these were settled in time. Finally on June first, the FCC made an emergency ruling saying all three networks should have equal coverage rights. What the networks paid for those rights never was made public, but even the most conservative estimates were astronomical.

Preparations for T.T.-Day began in the Coliseum June tenth. New artificial turf was laid which was painted with huge black and white lines that converged like the spokes of a wheel. The designer said this was to direct one's eyes toward the all-important center of the field, but from the air the stadium looked like a giant asterisk. All the tickets were sold by mid-April, and scalped ones were reported to have gone for as much as three hundred dollars. Sales of television sets and antennas boomed throughout the spring, and the power company officials begged people to turn everything *else* off on the big day. Then in early June various lapel buttons began appearing printed with phrases like "Look Ahead" and "See the Future."

Predictions by a few physicists and preachers that the whole thing would fail were drowned out in the general din (and labeled "communistic" by the politicians).

Finally July fourth arrived — Time Travel Day. The Traveler's arrival had been set for 2:00 P.M., but every seat was filled in the Coliseum by noon. Hot dog and beer sales went well, and the latter was already in short supply by

1:30. At 1:45, the welcoming committee stationed itself on the south end of the field. Of the several hundred people who had demanded to be on the committee, only thirty-five managed to secure permission from Disney Enterprises' president, who led the group. Also there were the vice-president (the president stood by with a direct phone line from the White House), Bob Hope, Walter Cronkite, and the then reigning cinema sex-symbol, Dawn Freely. The Hinkley, Ohio, All American High School Band had been in position at the north end of the field since 12:15.

At 1:57 P.M. the National Anthem ended, and a drum roll began; otherwise the stadium was totally silent. By 2:10 the drummers had stopped, and shuffling was heard here and there in the crowd. By 3:15 the noise level was a low roar, and a few minor fist fights had broken out in the aisles. The committee chairman was blushing continuously by this time, and all of the members looked very uncomfortable; several attempted to make lame jokes but failed to get any laughs.

Then at 3:37 P.M. the few people looking at the field gasped; a cube about six feet on a side had appeared a few feet above the ground and dropped onto the field about thirty feet south of the center. The crowd broke into a cheer and then abruptly fell silent as the committee advanced toward the cube.

The cube, which appeared to be constructed of dull aluminum, was featureless except for several rows of rivets and a circular crack on the south side that appeared to be a door or hatch. At 3:42 the hatch flopped open, and a partially bald man of about fifty-five stuck his

head out.

"Damn, I must have gotten the axes off; this is supposed to be the top."

The cameras panned in as Mr. Cronkite hurried toward the cube with a microphone. "Good afternoon, I'm Walter Cronkite, and I want to welcome you on . . ."

"Ok, fine, uh, thanks, but I don't have time for that. Only have a few minutes and got a lot to tell you. Why in hell I explained everything, I don't know, but I did — so I will."

"Now what did I say — should have brought that copy — oh, yes, I'm the Time Traveler. Not very impressive, am I? But anyway, I'm the guy who had to do it, because I did do it, so her I am."

"Now in the future I am, or will be, or whatever, a physics teacher at Michigan State. Teach freshman mostly. I knew about this ridiculous 'event' you people put on, but like everybody else I wrote it off along with the other idiocies of this time. Since this thing *had* happened, time travel would happen, so nobody worried about working on it. Then a question one of my students asked got me to thinking about time and its flow. That led to a couple of mathematical models, and suddenly I was into some concepts no one had previously explored."

"That scared me, so I went to the library and looked up T.T.—Day. Sure enough, there I was in the pictures — a few years older, but me in any case. I tried to forget the whole thing for a few days, but finally realized I'd have to go through with it, since I had gone through with it. Then I went to the University to try to get money for the project, but they pointed out that the reports said I had used my own money, so I had no choice but

to do so. That sent me back to study the reports in earnest, and from them I got a general idea of how to build this contraption and what direction to work in. Only wish I'd told you (and me) more."

"Essentially what my machine does is to reverse the momentum which the space it occupies has along the temporal axis. To do that I must absorb the kinetic energy my machine and I have from our motion through time. This gives me a negative velocity in relation to real time. By absorbing enough energy I arrive opposite your point in real time. When the machine stops storing energy, it drops into real time. Of course, I've moved through space, too, but the reverse movement along the temporal axis automatically reverses movement of my segment of space along the spacial axes. As the machine moves along the temporal axis, it is one dimensional, so when it drops into real time it 'expands,' so to speak, from a point. Thus air molecules are pushed out of the way, and there's no problem of different matter occupying the same space at the same time."

"Well, Mr. Cronkite, I guess that's about all. I'm not going to tell you all about the wonders of the future, because — well, because I don't. And I don't feel much like

playing your game now anyway — this stupid demonstration of conceit costs me my life, you know. You see, I'm going to pump the energy I've stored back out of the machine in order to catch up to my time. I guess something goes wrong, though, because two years from now this stadium will be partially destroyed by an explosion. I know this from news reports of the event. Evidently my mass will be converted into energy, some of which will drop into real time. The next time someone wants to promote the future, tell them to try planning — rather than exploitation. Oh, yes, sorry I arrived late — I left late because I had to get some papers in order. Goodbye."

The Traveler's bald head retreated back into the cube, and the hatch closed. Then about two minutes later the cube folded in on itself and was gone.

Note to Mr. Leary: Please include this with my will and other papers that are to go to Mr. Hawkins with my estate. Am hoping this will help the boy understand why his old uncle ended up leaving him so little. The narrative is a condensation of various news reports. The quoted material is from transcripts of the network news tapes.

John R. Ronk
3:30 P.M., July 4, 2047

Consider your head together
just enough to be insane

(insanity is the sunshine)

Consider your mind a finite thing
with no more reason
than to be insane

(insanity is a moonchime)

Consider all things real
and insanity unimaginable

(insanity is starlight starlight)

Michael Anderson

The People's Choice



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Enlist Me in Quiet Shadows

White moth, drunk on
Midnight dew
like a kite with
no end
and your tail I saw
teeter-totter young
fire-flies
in three leaf clovers,
warning your unconcerned
escorts
of my annoying
hundred watt light;
enlist me in quiet shadows.

Chicken Soup Bowl

i wrap plastic paper
 around
and nothing leaks
from the nickel bowl;
i tip it and
nothing spills
 but
the blood from my index finger,
the one i cut on the knife
in the second drawer
 yet
still watching the chicken soup
clinging to the plastic paper
(nothing spills, nothing
leaks, but God that was
a sharp knife)
 while
the clang of water dripping
on the tarnished baby spoon
tells me it is
time to close
the freezer door.

Donald A. Jones



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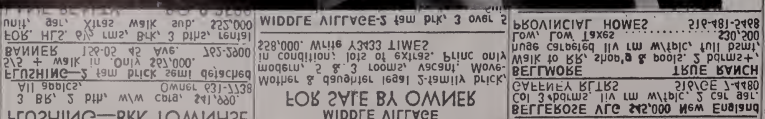
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Insomnia I

It's hard to sleep because
Of
Sex.
Abstinence causes
Restlessness.
And quiet release
at midnight
Can't beat a
Shreiking
Two.

Insomnia III

Could you sleep if
Everytime you closed your eyes
You saw Falstaff
In a tutu?

Insomnia IV

The clock mocks me
As the hour hand
Sweeps to one
two
three
four
Goadng me
Until the sun
Leaps over the mountains
With a sadistic smile.

Insomnia V
(haiku)

Night speaks wisely.
Hoping to catch every word,
You wait.
Dawn finds you a fool.

Under the Tin Roof

The streets right beside the sardines were mangled
 by intersections of waterways with oil tops colorful as party time gondolas,
 but potent enough to corrode the finish off any hulk.

The windows of buildings reflected in the colored, mirror-like slime
 of the short, splintery canals,
 Reflected again the canal, And the canal again the window — forming
 an illusion of an infinite passage way.

Stepping into it, the mirror broke, the pieces mushy soft, the only brittleness
 belonging to the spines of the sardines.





Hemingway

Stars give but little warmth on a winter night,
vast as oceans — they are cold
as ice on withered leaves,
and farther away than morning.

Life — he stepped into your ring,
and knowing the fight was rigged
lasted three, four, maybe five rounds.
and when he was shaken by the iron in your gloves
he dropped and grinned up at you from the floor.

Like the leopard on Kilimanjaro
he had no business on the wind-torn heights.

Life — smug as silence — complacently taking the win,
(But you winced at the noise when he died).

Tony Young

William continued—

grocery cart. Soon she would find him at her side again with his hands in his pockets. She found herself doing all the talking. She had thought that he would have been trying to entertain and impress her. But instead, he prowled at her heels.

William waited at the door while Mrs. Rainwater paid for her groceries and walked ahead of him to his car. She walked quickly in the lead with the bag boy close behind her. She walked very quickly. William strolled along with his hands in his pockets. He said to her at the car when the bag boy walked away giving William a curious glance, "Slow down ol' woman."

"I can't help it. This is the way I walk," she said. "I always just speed along. I can't help it. Every-

body has trouble keeping up with me." She thought that this was one time that walking fast came in handy. William was always a few steps behind. She had seen no one she knew. She was surprised by the little attention that they got.

On the way back she asked William what kind of work he did. He said, "It doesn't matter." She did not press him, but wondered why he wouldn't say. Was he ashamed of a garbageman-type job? No, he was far too intelligent for that.

William drove her back to the parking lot where her car was with a very pleased look on his face. He helped her transfer her groceries to her car. She saw how creamy brown the paper bags looked against his dark skin. He told her, "Have a

good time with your boyfriend tonight."

She said, "Yes."

He said, "I wish I could be one of your boyfriends." And he laughed. He reached out and touched a lock of her hair for just a moment. She reached out her hand to shake hands with him and said, "It was nice meeting you."

He looked at her hand and laughed.

At home Mrs. Rainwater decided that she didn't like him. She didn't want to see him again or talk to him. She had given him the chance that belonged to any human being. She didn't care what color he was, she just did not want to have anything to do with anyone who carried a gun in his car. Her

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DRAFT - 25

husband had not allowed any guns in his house. She said she was a nonviolent person. Then there were all those stories and guns in *True Detective*. . . . She was determined not to say anything about the afternoon to Walter tonight. She could not tell him about it when he was so unsatisfied with her courage.

Mrs. Rainwater answered the phone the next day. It was William. He said, "Did you have fun with your boyfriend last night?"

"Yes."

"Did you make love to him?"

"No. I mean it's none of your business."

"I don't believe you didn't. There'd be something wrong."

She said nothing.

"I'm jealous," he said.

She exploded, "What have you got to be jealous about? That's ridiculous."

"I'm jealous, but there's nothing I can do about it, gray eyes," he said in a whispery voice. He spoke slowly and seemed to deliberately make his voice low and dramatic, like he was trying to encircle her with words and fascinate her with his voice.

She said, "What reason have you got to be jealous? That's the most ridiculous thing I ever heard. You have nothing to be jealous of."

He said, "I've got nothing of you, and therefore have nothing to be jealous of. Is that what you're trying to say?"

"That's right," she said.

"I hear you. Goodbye ol' woman."

Mrs. Rainwater was very irritated, but she refused to tell Walter or Mrs. Bates about him. She only told Walter that she had met the man, and she did not like him. Walter hugged her and said,

"Good."

William kept calling and asking her out, and each time Mrs. Rainwater told him no.

"Why don't you come out and give me the same chance you give your boyfriend? I don't have blue eyes and a straight nose, and I don't have thin lips, but I'm a man. And you're trying to take that away from me."

"No," she said. "I'm not. It's not because you're black. You force me to be blunt. I just don't want to see you. I'm sorry. I wish you didn't force me to say so, but I just don't like you enough."

"You didn't give me a chance. How do you know so soon that you don't like me?" he said.

"There are some things you just know," she said. "And I just know. That's the way things are, and I can't help it. It's the way things are. I just don't want to hear from you again. All these phone calls. You force me to say things. I'm sorry. I'm telling you the truth. I'm trying to be honest with you."

"You want me to give you a medal for that?" he said.

"I'm only telling the truth."

"Can't I even talk to you ol' woman?"

"No, I don't want to hear from you again."

He sounded like he was in a trance. He said harshly, "I need you ol' woman."

She said, "That's ridiculous. You hardly know me. You've only been with me once."

"I was so happy around you," he said. "Could you tell I was floating that day you were in my car?"

"This is all ridiculous. Don't call me any more."

"I can't change your opinion I guess. I guess this is goodbye forever. Whatever you say."



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"Goodby," she said.

Forever, she thought as she put the phone in its cradle. I'll never hear his voice again. It seems so final to say goodbye for forever to someone I talked to like this.

For two weeks Mrs. Rainwater picked up her phone with the confidence that it would probably be Walter or Mrs. Bates. She was her usual bright, cheerful self. She thought about William very much the first week, but he did not call. She thought that he must not have been some kind of maniac after all. All her fears were silly. But then he could still do something . . . some dark night when she left her house he could be out there.

Then very late one night the phone rang after she had gone to bed. It was he.

He said, "I almost killed someone tonight. They were messing with my man, and I swear, I'd have shot them if I'd had my gun. It was over a woman. I'd have gone and gotten my gun and killed someone if I hadn't thought of you. If it hadn't been for you ol' woman, I'd have killed someone." His voice was hoarse and shaken. He sounded crazy to Mrs. Rainwater. She wondered if he were on some drug. She couldn't tell. She knew nothing about it, only he sounded mad.

Mrs. Rainwater was chilled and afraid of this strange person whispering in her ear of murder and passion and killing. It was like one of the stories in *True Detective* come to life. It frightened her. She was totally repulsed by his confession. She told him, "I don't believe in any sort of violence. I hate guns and killing." She hardened against him. He had broken his promise.

He said, "I had to talk to you

again."

She thought, "He's just calling me to spill his filth all over me." She got him to say goodbye, and she hung up.

Mrs. Rainwater was afraid of him now. Who was this person, and how had she ever gotten into something like this? She had only been trying to be a good person. He was a low creature to be carrying a gun around and getting into fights. She knew nothing of his world, even having read the books. Now she didn't want to know any more about it.

Mrs. Rainwater thought of him and his jealousy and his gun. She saw in her imagination William shooting her down as she left her house, or shooting down Walter, the insurance man. She saw herself being gunned down by William, and no one ever knowing who had done it, because she had told no one his name and how dangerous he seemed . . . talking half-cocked in that whispery trance-like voice.

She saw Walter trying to defend her. She imagined herself stepping in front of Walter and taking the bullets of William's gun, and the admiration people would have for her courage. She didn't want anything to happen to Walter. And she saw the scandal of being killed by a black man in such a way.

She felt brave bearing all of this herself. She would wait and finally tell Walter if it got too bad. She would look very brave then. She would tell him in a very controlled way, and he would get upset and tell her that it was foolishly brave of her to keep all this danger within herself all this time without saying a word. It would be very impressive. Of course she wouldn't tell Mrs. Bates. She must be able to tell

him that he is the only one she told about it.

Will called again the next day. Mrs. Rainwater didn't even pretend to be surprised. He said in his hispid voice, "Must be my fate. I know it doesn't make sense to you, but maybe you're my fate. I fell in love with you. Your beautiful gray eyes."

She said, "I don't want to hear from you again."

He said, "I wish it didn't have to be this way. Nothing has to be."

Mrs. Rainwater was afraid of him. He sounded so wild, and he was so unbending. She realized how exciting the whole thing was, how exciting her fear was. It was just the beginning of a story where the murderer is closing in on his victim. She decided that she would write a short story about the man, or write a poem from his trance-like words while she was caught in the hell of his voice. Every time the phone rang she picked up a note pad and a pencil to take notes on the conversation. Her story material piled:

"Hello ol' woman."

She said nothing, but her heart ached.

In his quiet, harsh and rasping voice, William said, "If you were a black woman you would be in my arms tonight."

She took this down on the pad while saying, "I don't think so." He let him talk and wax poetic on her eyes again, taking it all down.

In his next call she got out her note pad again. He fell into another trance. She began to think he just fell in love with the depths of his own voice.

"I just couldn't leave you ol' woman. I just couldn't do without

you."

She sighed deeply.

He spoke in his poetic trance voice. He said:

"I met my Waterloo when I met you.

I met my Waterloo in those gray eyes.

I met my Waterloo in that soft hair.

I met my Waterloo under those quick feet.

I need my Waterloo."

Mrs. Rainwater couldn't help laughing. It was so corny.

William said, "Boy, if I knew I was going to do that, I would have written it down."

Mrs. Rainwater had become so fascinated by his voice and the spell he worked that she had let her pencil fall. She gave it up now. She didn't want this experience in any form, even on paper. He frightened her, and she just wanted to get rid of William.

She would not go to the police. How could she do that to him? What if he was serious and not crazy? Mrs. Rainwater thought that perhaps should have refused to speak to him all this time, hung up every time he called. But then she thought if he were dangerous, it might set him off. Mrs. Rainwater planned how she would finally let Walter dig what was bothering her out of her. Or maybe she could not show anything was coming up against her at all and matter-of-factly tell him that she thought someone else should know, and that it was really nothing.

Mrs. Rainwater hardened her voice and the things she said to William. She was abusive to a human being for the first time she could remember. She had always tried to be so nice.

He said, "I've never seen anyone's personality change so much in so short a time. You used to be so nice and smiling, the perfect personality. That day I saw you, you smiled all the time, even though you didn't feel like it. I really appreciated your courage, the risk you took for me."

She hardly ever spoke a word anymore.

"What do you live for ol' woman?" he asked. "What do you want out of this life?"

"I haven't really thought about it. Just to be a good person, I guess."

He said, "You're flunking at that."

"Oh?" she said. They were quiet for a long time, and her mind wandered. "I used to want to be a missionary. I guess it's too late for that now."

"A missionary, huh? . . . to deepest, darkest, blackest Africa."

Mrs. Rainwater was very tired. Things were so much harder and darker than she ever noticed before. She remembered her childhood fantasies put in her head from Sunday Schools. They told her stories of missionaries slaughtered on the beaches of palmed islands by dusky natives. She thought that she would have the courage to go there.

They told her of times to come when the heathen might take over the world and take away all copies of the Bible and burn them. They would cart them off to burn in great bonfires, or would burn them right in front of the owner's eyes. There would hardly be any copies in the world. The little girl made plans to cut the hard back off her Bible and twist the book into a jar, and closing it tight, to bury it under a certain tree. Then she would come back sometimes when it was

safe and memorize the words. She had wanted to be a missionary, but now she supposed she was too old. She cried herself to sleep.

William asked her if she couldn't just try.

She said, "No."

"Why not? What's wrong with me?"

"Nothing, I'm just not interested."

"What; I expected to be told many things, but I didn't expect to be told that I'm not interesting, that I'm dull." His voice was restrained, but angry.

"That's not what I said at all," she said. "You twisted my words. Stop trying to put me on the defensive." He would only repeat, "Not interesting, not interesting ..."

Mrs. Rainwater hung up. She did not mention anything to Walter as

she had planned. But she thought about William.

She thought, "I can't take any more of this. I hate this. He makes me hate everything. Everything is so bleak. How do you get rid of anybody? There's no way if they won't let go themselves. I wasn't made to live in fear and misery. I don't deserve it." She burned her notes on their conversations. They turned to black ashes. "It's him," she thought. "It's not because he's black. He's obnoxious."

The next day when he called, she said, "The reason I won't have anything to do with you is that you're black."

William was silent for a moment and then said, "I can't take that. That's the one thing I thought you were over. I wish it didn't have to be this way ol' woman." He seemed

to forget that she was listening. "When you get old, you'll look back, and you'll be sorry you turned away the love of someone who loves you like I do." He very quietly said, "Goodby ol' woman. I won't bother you any more. . . ."

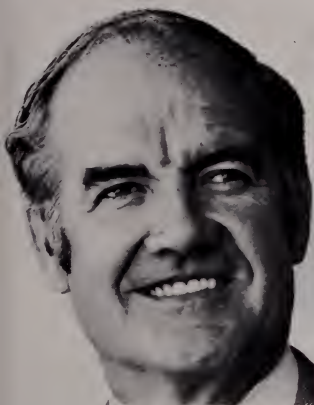
She hung up and thought at least he's gone. She wondered if this was really the end of it. She wondered how she would feel about William when she would be old. Crazy William. She felt like he was still stalking her. She felt that every time she thought she was telling the truth she would wonder if it were a lie. Maybe he would come back some day, or tomorrow, to see if she still lied. Walter was so bland. She felt like every bright day had a black hole in it that she had never know was there. It had all seemed so simple.

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...and George McGovern needs us

We need President George McGovern to get us out of Indochina "lock, stock and barrel" and free our Prisoners of War in his first 90 days.

We need George McGovern to stand up for the ordinary citizen, and against the Nixon-Agnew favors for special interests and big business.

We need George McGovern to cut \$30 billion in fat and waste out of our military spending—save \$22 billion by plugging tax loopholes of the wealthy—use the money to ease the burden of school taxes on homeowners and fund urgently needed domestic programs.

We need George McGovern to provide a decent job at a decent wage for everyone.

We need George McGovern to make cleaning up our air and waters as important as landing a man on the moon.

We need George McGovern to do something about crime. By getting tough, but also by getting smart. By giving police the education, the research, and the equipment they

need to do the job. By reforming the schools for crime we call prisons. By eliminating the poverty and slums that breed crime.

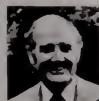
We need George McGovern to spare us the risk of dying while waiting for help in a hospital emergency room. Or of having to sell our homes to pay the hospital bill for a serious illness.

We need George McGovern to give Black and Spanish-speaking Americans, Indians, women, equal job chances at equal pay.

We need George McGovern to stop the Federal government from snooping, spying, prying, and eavesdropping in our private lives and threatening freedom of the press and broadcast.

And George McGovern needs us. Without all of us, he can't become President. With us, he can't miss.

Come and see us! Work—give—register—vote—for President George McGovern, Vice-President Sargent Shriver, and the Democratic Party.



McGovern '72
Shriver



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At first glance, TAPS would appear to be the same as any other yearbook — just a collection of mug shots and maybe a few ego trips. However, this particular collection deserves at least a second glance, and maybe a few more after that. First of all, consider the work involved in putting together a 620 page book. Anyone acquainted with the *Chronicle* knows how much hassle 40 pages can be; now multiply that by fifteen-and-a-half and think on it for a while. Design sheets have to be meticulously traced for every page (at the expense of a permanently crooked back, sometimes). Copy sheets have to be drawn and copy blocks written and typed. Ads have to be sold, designed, written, and layed out. The shooting, developing, and printing of every picture which appears in the book (other than classes) requires long hours of hard work plus a certain degree of skill and knowledge. Of the more than 12,000 photos shot, only about 1000 are eventually used. The 7,000-plus class pictures have to be sorted, numbered, and identified for the appropriate page.

More than just work goes into a TAPS; creativity has long been one of its outstanding features. This process begins with the designer's overall concept for the book. This concept gradually takes form as the designer and editor plan each of 600-plus pages. Efforts are taken to give the book a unity of effect.

This creativity also extends to the copy that is written for TAPS. This copy has to be both entertaining and informative. A great deal of time is devoted to achieving these two effects. Some may remember Gary Ligi's and John Norton's contributions to the 1970 TAPS, for example. After copy is written and pictures prepared, individual section editors organize and complete their sections. The book finally begins to take form and missing links are filled.

Photography also plays a major role in the publication of a yearbook. Years of experimentation and a good creative instinct are essential for this. A sharp wit and a sensitive mind are as essential to a photographer as his camera. In fact, photography has probably been the most

striking feature about TAPS for the past several years. This quality of photography, teamed with modern graphic techniques, produced the unusual collages of the 1969 edition and David Littlejohn's striking introduction for the 1970 TAPS. The photo-essays from last year's edition should also be remembered.

TAPS is primarily a group of people — maybe a hundred students more or less like everybody else — but they represent a good cross-section of interests and ideas. Sixteen or so senior staff members elected by the previous senior staff organize the book into sections with one or two senior staffers working on a particular section. The editor-in-chief directs each of his senior staff members who, in turn, direct their respective junior staff members in creating a single section. TAPS is a yearly publication; therefore, it has to be as nearly perfect and complete as possible because there is no second chance to make necessary changes or change direction. It has to work out the first time or it doesn't work at all.

All in all, this makes for a pretty darn good collection of mug shots.

TAPS '73



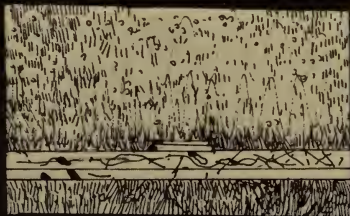
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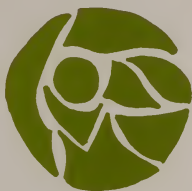
But Today Here's Another Chronicle —

The only issue assembled by this particular staff, but by no means the last. Whether or not the *Chronicle* as such is here to stay is irrelevant, it just appears as if we are here to stay, nevertheless, this issue and the one to follow in December (of this year?) represent a re-evaluation of just how the *Chronicle* "might" better fulfill its purposes as a magazine of sorts on a university campus. Think *Protean*, for example.

As a publication of Clemson University, this is our magazine. The contents, whether they be literary, artistic, humorous, or nauseous, are up to you the students even whether or not you read them

is up to you. Fair enough. The contents of this particular issue represent the work of those who have cared enough to become actively engaged in some of the many facets of magazine publishing. If you, too, are literary, artistic (or, alas, nauseous), and if you, too, care about the quality of student publications at Clemson, why not join the *Tiger Staff*? We just can't squeeze anymore talented people into our office right now. (But we'll try.) As an introductory offer to Non-Clemson readers, we are giving free life time subscriptions to the first 2,000 people who write Subscription, c/o *The Chronicle*, P. O. Box 2186, Clemson University Station 29631.





A MAGAZINE OF SORTS

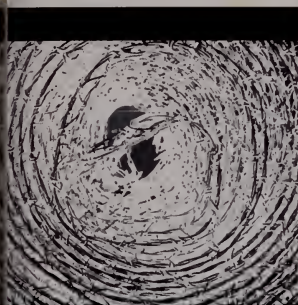
CHRONICLE

V. 13, No. 2

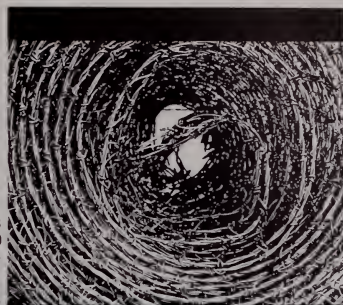
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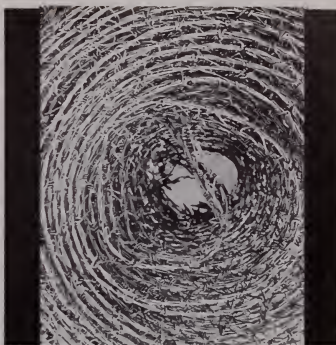
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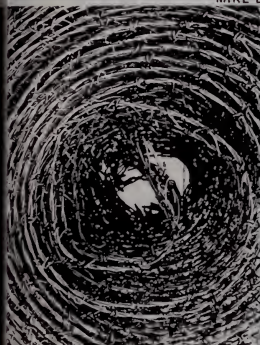
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BRENNER



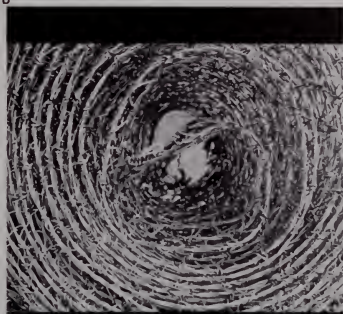
BILL
MUTT



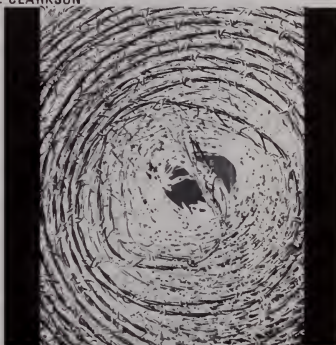
H. CLARKSON



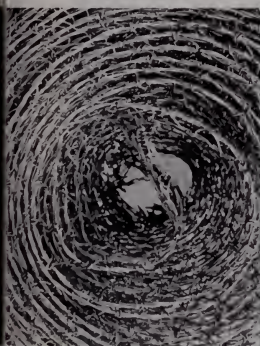
MIKE DIAMOND



JERRY GILLEY



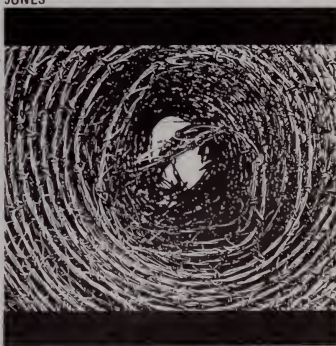
KEN JONES



AMES
SLATER



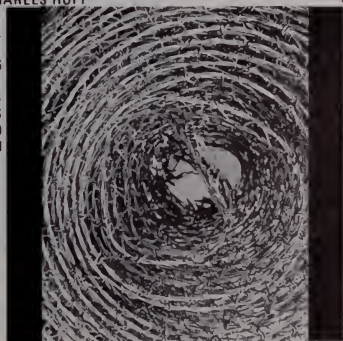
CHARLES HUFF



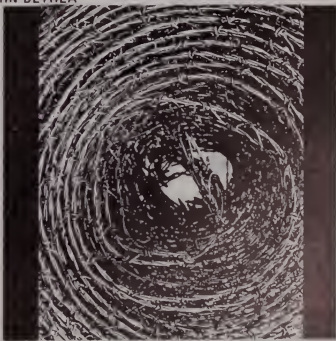
JOHN BETHEA



PHIL
GIBSON



UG
HARDIN



This all started sometime last semester when Phil Gibson offered to bring in some work from the Visual Studies photography classes. Well, he brought in some pictures, then brought in some more, then other people started bringing in pictures, and eventually we had this tremendous pile of photographs to contend with. Looking through them, we kept finding more that we liked, for one reason or another. Hence *Chronicle 2*, the photographic issue.

This idea isn't as strange as it might sound. Remember who you're dealing with. In past years the *Chronicle* has printed at least two literary issues, a poster, and produced a record. You might say we needed something like this to round it all out.

Except for this little indulgence in editorial privilege, you'll find this is a completely non-verbal issue. This doesn't mean it doesn't say anything though. Each photograph included is there because we felt it did have something to "say," even if it was just to show you how weird reality can be. I'm not suggesting that you stare at each picture until you find ultimate revelation in the halftone dots, but you might look at this as more than just a collection of pictures.

While I'm here, I want to congratulate the staff and myself for putting up with each other for the past year or so. It hasn't been easy, but I think it was worth it.

Charles Huff





Phil Gibson





r. — Dan Bowen
below — Phil Gibson

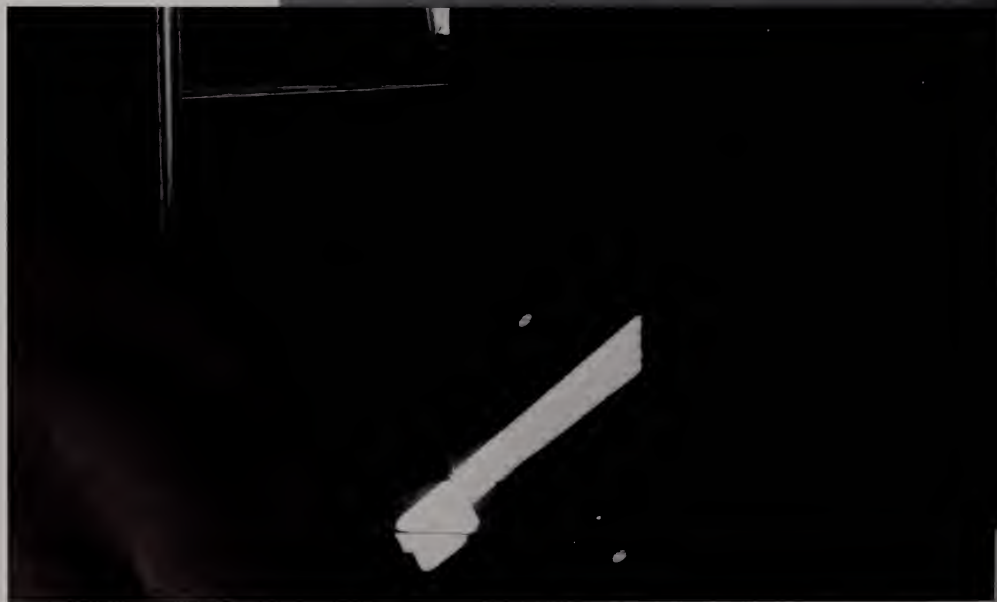






above — Bob Brenner
r. — Phil Gibson







top 1. – Bill Muth
others – Charles Huff





left - Bill Muth
above - D. R. Hardin





Opposite - Bill Muth
above - Charles Huff





H. Clarkson





above — Jerry Gilley
opposite — Phil Gibson





above — Phil Gibson top right — Bill Muth lower right — Michael Diamond











left - H. Clarkson
right - John Bethea



above — James Slater
right top — Charles Huff
right middle — Phil Gibson
right lower — Huff





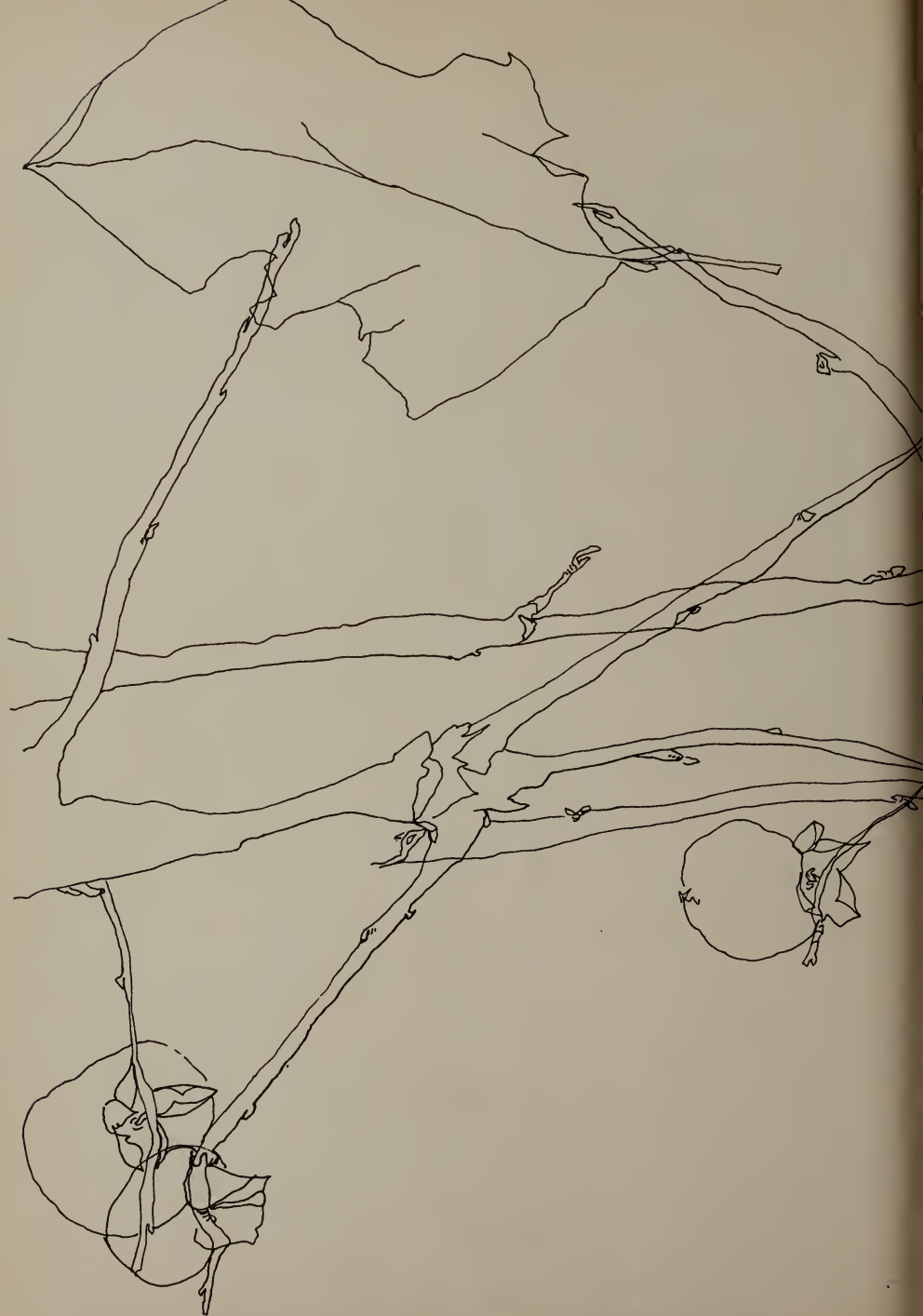


left — Charles Huff
above — John Rountree



top — Bill Muth
right — D. R. Hardin





Fontide

a magazine of sorts

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6

1974

SPRING 1974

You don't need a
ROLLS ROYCE to get
to LAMAR'S...
a good mouthwash will do—
somebody might sit in your
lap. Don't act surprised;

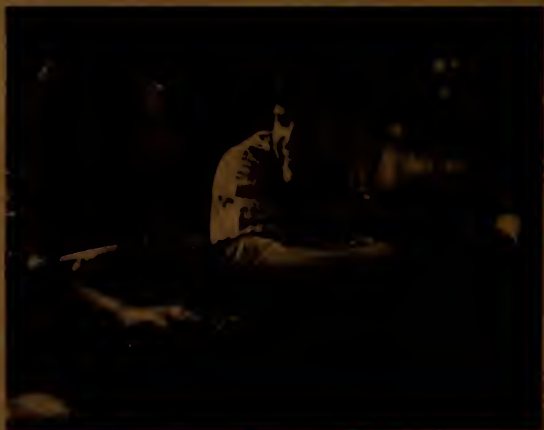


Served are fine koser
foods and pizza. Rich
domestic and imported
beer on tap. And the
bar will have your favorite
drinks.

Afterall, it's the best
place in town.



compliment the rose in their hair,
and ask them to dance and if you
get carried away don't worry
you'll just turn into a smile even
if you have forgotten your
Swiss bank account number.
Somebody will remember that.
You can meet them at Lamar's.



Chronicle

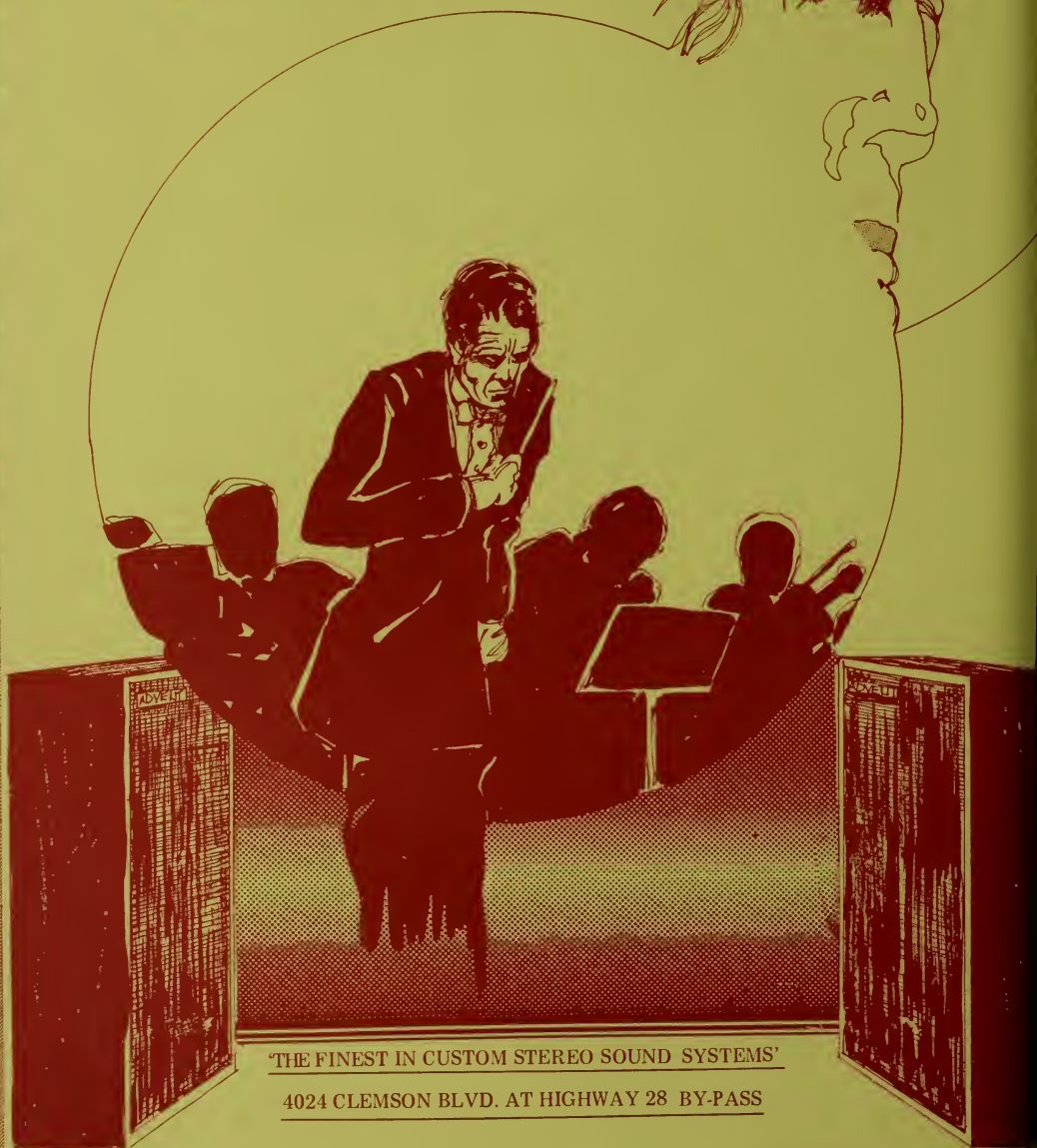


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Chronicle

THE CHRONICLE, the official student variety publication of CLEMSON UNIVERSITY, is published by CLEMSON UNIVERSITY, CLEMSON, SOUTH CAROLINA. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: BOX 2186, CLEMSON STATION, CLEMSON, SOUTH CAROLINA, 29631; Published irregularly. SPRING, 1974 issue. Thomas E. Johnson, editor and art director, Gene Frouman, production manager and design consultant, Jerry Griggs, layout assistant. Special thanks to OSCEOLA, Columbia, South Carolina. The CHRONICLE is paid for with activity fees by all students and is distributed to them at no additional charge. Non-students \$1.00 per year. Printed by the R.L. Bryan Company, Greystone Park, Columbia, South Carolina. The editor assumes responsibility only for the safe return of material. The opinions (if any) expressed do not necessarily coincide with anybody's anywhere at any time. The editor assumes no responsibility for the opinions expressed in the CHRONICLE since he is on the way out, and has no opinions.



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*On one of the most beautiful
evenings of the year*

Dear friends,

This magazine is not a mirage; it may appear as one to some, but the real mirage is made of those who promise to approach it but disappear when it gets too close to them.

Non-committal is the name of the game. That's why this might be the last issue ever of the Chronicle, and that is why we want it to be perhaps the best ever-- to show what it can be (although we seriously doubt that it ever will be again, for challenges like the Chronicle seem to be out of fashion these days). The fashion seems to be mediocrity and the only thing you can say about that is 'so what?' which we, too, admit appears to be a rather comfortable position. Anything has to be comfortable and more rewarding than trying to revive this magazine. In view of our support, it's a lot like trying to turn a telephone pole back into a tree. Nevertheless, working on this issue of the magazine has taught us a lot. It has given us faith in 'the fruits born out of pure dedication.' So, rather than attempting another issue, we pass our tasks on to others while we, the present staff, head on to other undertakings equally as significant, such as the one on the shores of the great Atlantic Ocean. There, with the aid of a spoon and a bucket, we plan to displace water so as to raise the great city of Atlantis. Perhaps our success can be a feature in the next issue of the Chronicle...

For the present, the main feature in this issue is quality and a good bit of it. We thank those who have given of their time and of their work just so they can share it with you now. We have tried to be considerate of all. If, for example, you don't like anything in our magazine, we have printed it on a nice, flammable paper stock. Furthermore, the different colors will enhance the colors of the flames as you get your particular joy from burning it.

Thanks-- thanks a lot, if you know what I mean ,

Thomas E. Jones
editor-in-chief

CHRONICLE

GALLERY.





2

Acquiring fine quality material for the Chronicle must always be regarded as a privilege for both readers and solicitors. Work of such calibre is presented on the next few pages in a number of woodcuts by Carol White, an artist new to the Clemson area. Miss White teaches drawing in Visual Studies as part of her Mfa program. She received a joint degree last spring from Wesleyan College (Connecticut) and Wheaton (Massachusetts) in philosophy and religion, where she studied under Leonard Baskin, the master printmaker. These prints are typical of her style in reliefwork but the diversity between these selections doesn't indicate that she often works in series or that she intricately colors many editions. For the 'indefinite future' she would like to illustrate children's books. . .



ST. AUGUSTINE'S CONVERSION IN THE GARDEN



ARCHETYPES 4-8





HARRIS

SPORTING GOODS



RENT A WEEKEND
BACKPACKING EQUIP.

Berly's Fraternity
Wear

Golf Equipment

Guns & ammunition

TENNIS Clothes & Shoes

NICK FLETCHER
manager

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CLEMSON

I shall never quite forget her eyes frightened and confused, hot orbits of horror as she died. Her life stream surged its last, melting the snow only to freeze seconds later. Poor polar bear, how sad you look.

Frozen blood? Why, everyone has seen frozen blood before, in every meat department of every modern grocery. What's so terrible about frozen blood? Clear ice with swirls of running red, kinda like marble cake Mommy used to bake; chocolate swirled in vanilla—you know.

Oh, poor polar bear just heaped, strangling for life (you see she hasn't quite died yet, a little longer to go). Not everything is cold in the North—not the breath of a polar bear. It is as warm as the depths from which it comes—soft, warm as red velvet.

Now come watch with me these last minutes as we observe the bear pump out her last bit of warmth and breath, like bellows to kindle an ice fire. Ah, how the cold delights by trapping Bear's last whispers quickly forming them into tiny ice beads around her grim black mouth. Let her fling her muddled head once more on to the ice and she'll be gone. Let her send one last roar-groan of warning to her helpless young. Let her strip herself finally and resign the red riches, the wealth of her interior; let her in one second exchange her warmth for whiteness.

I shouldn't be so shocked. I knew blood was red. How unnatural on a Christmas card.

In the following pages, we are presenting the previously unpublished cartoon feature 'Good Lawd' by Clayton Ingram, the 11-year old brother of Miller Ingram, whose work appears in other places in our magazine. Clayton has already published two books. We are offering here a complete collection of all the published Clayton material produced to date...

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GOOD LAWD or ONE Man Klan

Moses Gabriel was
a good
redneck.



He
Loved
his
wife...



And
Country.



He drove a '66
Chevey.

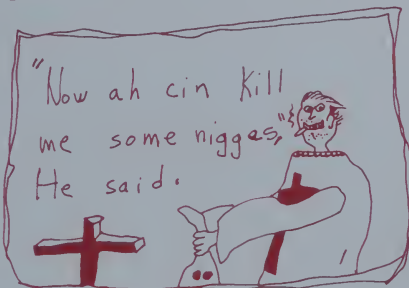
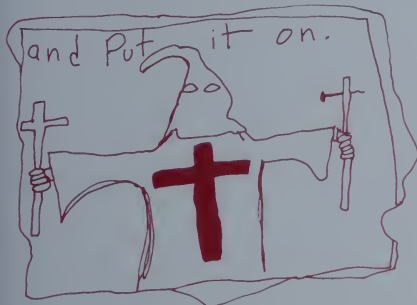


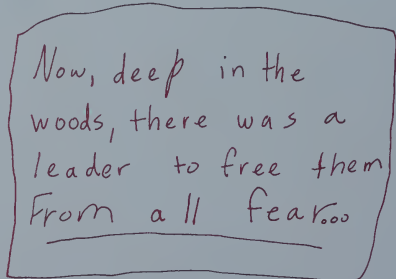
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hell.

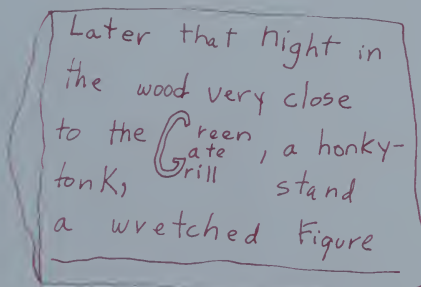
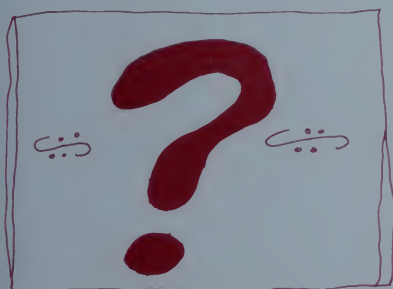
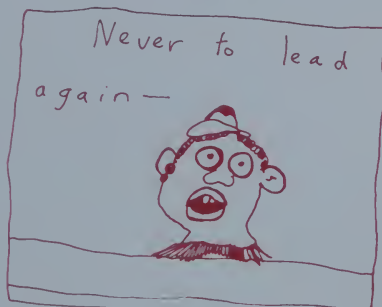
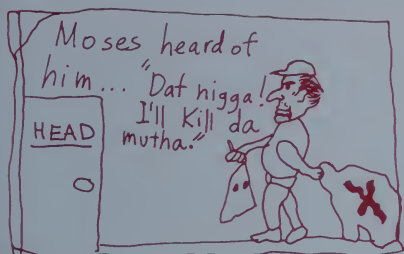


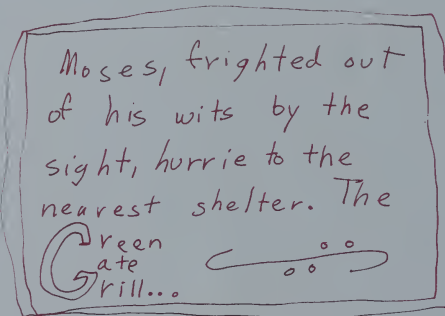
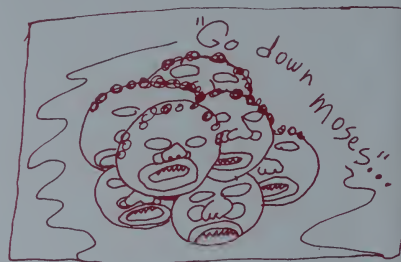
He thought
"The Blacks"
were after
his job.











BIG SPRING ISSUE

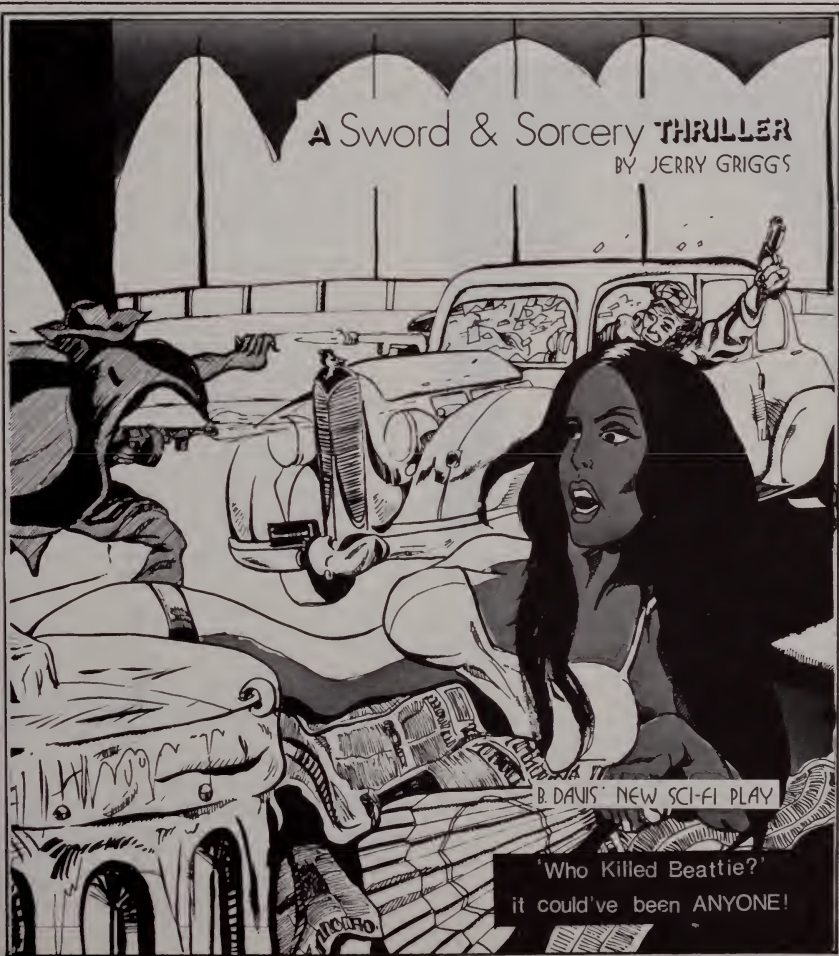
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Spicy Chronicle TALES

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FANTASY—ADVENTURE—SCIENCE FICTION

A Sword & Sorcery **THRILLER**
BY JERRY GRIGGS



B. DAVIS' NEW SCI-FI PLAY

'Who Killed Beattie?'
it could've been ANYONE!

APATHY

A SCIENCE FICTION DRAMA BY BARRIE DAVIS AND JERRY GRIGGS ...

FIRST CHORUS ENTERS

STROPHE:

The times are festering filled with strife.
Our population grows upon itself without end.
We live in fear of war, an end to life.
Man's measureless violence, his constant sin
Has come back to feed upon itself.
There are wars and rumors of wars.



SECOND CHORUS ENTERS

ANTISTROPHE:

Do you hope to find solutions in remorse?
For all your tears there will be no peace.
Beneficent science will lay man's course
And every plague of man will one day cease.
Your tears accomplish nothing—nor your wind.
Get off the stage and let the play begin.

SCENE 1

Should give impression of newscast.

ANNOUNCER:

In a statement from the Vatican today, Pope Christian IV gave his blessing to the anti-aggression vaccine. It will be remembered by our audience that the Pope was vehemently opposed to the previously developed "sterility" vaccine on the grounds that it was immoral to destroy man's ability to reproduce. He cited as precedence, on that occasion, the Papal Bull of Pope Paul IV in which he forbid Catholics the use of contraceptive devices. The Pope praised the development of the new vaccine in the 20th century, adding that, because the new vaccine does not take away the actual ability to recreate, it is permissible for Catholics to be inoculated. He further stated that the so-called Newman Vaccine will be of great service to all humanity, ridding man of greed, anger, and lust.

Pause.

In a special press conference today, President Gaylord Jimm praised the Newman Vaccine as the solution to all of the world's problems.

Video-tape simulation.

President comes on stage.

PRESIDENT:

The United States today has joined with the other nations of the world in an agreement to



use the Newman Vaccine on all persons with aggressive factors 7.5 or higher. The last barrier to universal usage of the vaccine was overcome today when the Pope granted permission for its use by members of the Catholic faith. America, as the leader of the democratic world, has played a significant part in the development of this new advancement for mankind. It was in American laboratories that doctors Freubachen and Petrovf accomplished this miracle. Americans whose aggressive factors are 7.5 or higher will soon receive notification from their local Population Control Board. This notification will contain information as to time and place to report for inoculation. I know that you, as Americans, will be proud to cooperate with this magnificent program for the betterment of mankind. Man now has it in his grasp to end war, reduce the competition of everyday life and make universal peace a reality.

Pause.

ANNOUNCER:

It was announced today by Dr. Kirkland of the Pasadena Research Institute that by next year the percentage of oil in the ocean will reach 29%, thus making it even more feasible to begin extracting the oil by evaporating a large part of the world's oceans.

Fade out.

SCENE 2

Outside population control board center. Chorus milling about on stage, forming crowd. Enter Stan and Fritz. They are arguing.

STAN:

Give me one good reason.

FRITZ:

Well, you tell me how we can get out of it.

STAN:

I don't know. Maybe we could leave the country. Go to Canada.

FRITZ:

What good will that do. They have the vaccine in Canada, too. It's everywhere. You can't get away from it unless you hide for the rest of your life.

STAN:

Why not?

FRITZ:

Don't be an ass. What kind of life will you have always hiding? What will you do?

STAN:

What kind of life will it be if I go in there? As for what I plan to do, I've got a play that I've been trying to write for some time now. Maybe I'll go somewhere and finish that.

FRITZ:

Well, I think it's hopeless. Where could you possibly hide?

They are interrupted by chorus.

FRITZ:

Well, are you coming?

STAN:

No.



Exeunt Fritz following Chorus, Stan going off in opposite direction.

It's not that bad.

SCENE 3

STAN:

Small basement room of a southern university. He sits alone in a corner of the room, his eyes upon the door. Enter a friend (Fritz) with a bag of groceries and a newspaper. He walks to the corner of the room in which the fugitive waits.

It is, believe me. Listen, this is what I've got:

Stan reads aloud.

STAN:

STAN:

Scene: Small basement of a southern university. He sits alone in a corner of the room, his eyes upon the door. Enter: a friend with a bag of groceries and a newspaper. He walks to the corner of the room in which the fugitive waits.

What did you bring?

Stops reading and looks up.

FRITZ:

FRITZ:

Pork and beans.

Well, what seems to be the problem?

STAN:

STAN:

Pork and beans?! My God! You bring me that every time! When are you going to get something different?

I can't figure out what to have this first guy say.

Fritz shrugs his shoulders.

FRITZ:

FRITZ:

That's all they sell anymore. Did you come up with anything while I was gone?

What difference does it make?

Stan starts to make peevish answer, realizes that it is useless.

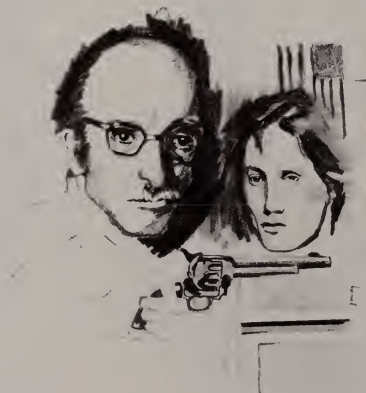
STAN:

STAN:

I'm not sure there ever was anything.

Look that doesn't seem to be the only problem. I think this whole plot stinks. I'm going to scrap this whole mess and start over again.

FRITZ:



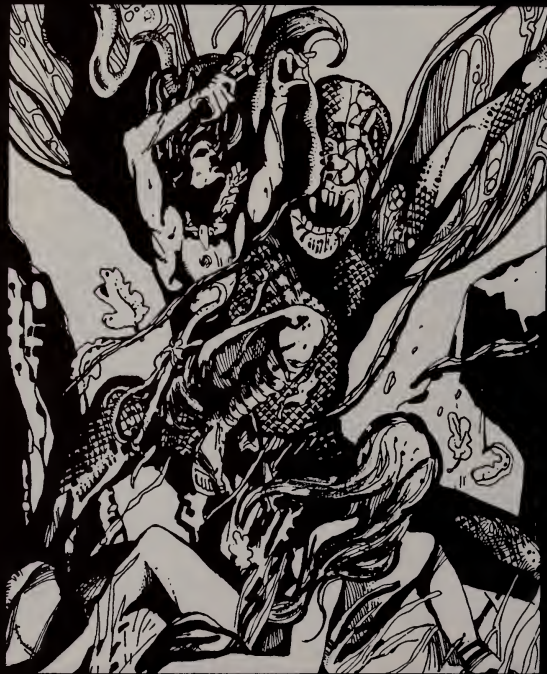
APATHY,
A Trying Play
of Science Fiction
is continued on
page 88 . . .

the
Wilder Daemon
of Lothanar



the Wilder Daemon of Lothananar

Last year, the Chronicle presented "Band of Shadows", a fantasy-oriented comic strips. It had some problems (such as being very difficult to understand) but it had enough merit and was enjoyable enough to that its creators, Jerry Griggs, and Tom Johnson wanted to give it anothe try.



JERRY GRIGGS

After Johnson had close-to-completed drawing four pages of Grigg's script and layouts, we realized it had the same problems as the previous feature. Griggs rushed to his typewriter and, unbelievably, created a story from the drawings which is vastly superior to the original plot. He also incorporated it with Shadows to form the second part of what might be a trilogy (although each part is complete in itself). At the very least, it is an exploration of the drawings and at best, it is an excellent action-packed story with some fine attending illustrations. Whatever, it is a labor of love from both Mr. Griggs and Mr. Johnson, longtime fans of the school of science fantasy. After reading Jerry's story one might really believe that "Lord Griggs" composed it (PAGE 30).





©1967
Johnson





Just when the last works of the famous pulp writer Lord Gerard Griggs were believed to be long out of print, a new work was discovered in the late author's personal safe by B. Y. Crom, the literary agent of his estate. The story is particularly rare in that it never was published, although Griggs seems to have intended it clearly for publication in one of the so-called pulp magazines of his day. Here, in a note to his colleague, writer and agent H.P. Robert E. Burroughs, which was for some reason never sent, Lord Griggs establishes the relationship between this work and his earlier masterwork, "Band of Shadows." Noteworthy is that this story is complete and actually handset for what would probably have been a fine quality, limited edition booklet, and that, judging by the date, this is one of the very last Griggs' works. It should be mentioned here that a new Lord Griggs collection, THE BLACK AND THE BLUE, will soon be available from the Chronicle Press (P.O. Box 2186, Clemson, S. Carolina, 29631) and inquiries should be addressed to Mr. Crom through that office.

-TEJ

Letter: LORD GERARD GRIGGS to
H.P. ROBERT E. BURROUGHS
dated April 1, 1937

Dear H.P.R.E.B.

If I ever decide to dispose of the J. Allen St. Johnson drawings, you shall most certainly be given first choice. (As soon as I can get around to sorting it out from among the junk I untidily allow to accumulate.)

Thank you kindly for your wonderful comments concerning "Band of Shadows" and the 436 other swashbucklers I wrote last week. Here is a copy of another piece of my Arapel saga, written for Chronicle Tales or Strange Clemson Stories. It serves as a transition between "Shadows" and a future endeavor I am now formulating. Please read it and tell me what you think of it. Only, please don't show it to M.G. Derleth-Merritt. His moon stories were such direct steals of my beautiful sun saga that one can only wonder.

Cordially,

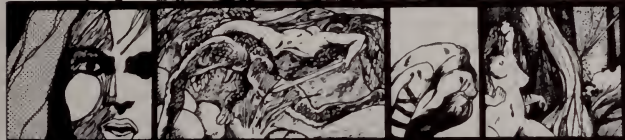
LGG

P.S. If "Shadows" was so good why didn't it sell?

The Wilderdemon of Lothanar

BY LORD GERARD GRIGGS

Arapel, King of Erapur and City Niron, undertook a journey to rival state Cairak in hopes of strengthening the ten year peace between the nations. He never got there. En route, he was attacked by winged daemons and his entire escort was slain. Arapel himself was borne a captive to the chambers of Althanar, High Priest of Kharma, the Ancient. Here Althanar revealed to Arapel his intention to seize the throne of Erapur and, with the aid of Archdemon Chalixatur, reinstate the power of Enoc, sorcerous god of evil long held dormant by the will of Kharma. Chalixatur exists as a lifeless husk, awaiting a soul. It is Arapel who provides the needed essence. With Chalixatur at his side, Althanar is ready to strike. First, however, there are minor obstacles, such as the Princess Varada...



I. Red Wings

Sun's heat pierced the window draperies which bounced, heavy as they were, with each jolt of the racing coach. Varada, impatient with the secrecy of the journey, the need for covered windows and with the trappings of a trading expedition, put two slim fingers to the tapestry and drew it aside. With each explosion of the carriage she pitched forward, only to be thrown back again as the holes were cleared. Curse statecraft anyway! Varada wasn't born to it like her brother Tannagas. She resembled more her father's temperament... Arapel, already known as Arapel the Greater. Greater than the Arapel who founded the city Niron. Varada felt the same wandering restlessness that marked her father's early life, before his daring caught up with him, and he won a battle or so too many. Then Arapel, adventurer and warrior, found himself with a kingdom to rule. Varada, first-born, knew her father and loved him as the rough, boisterous, straightforward man of adventure he had been—and not as the firm and thoughtful monarch he had become. This latter was the Arapel Tannagas knew and weakly echoed. So weakly.

Varada gazed listlessly through the curtains. The woodlands of Erapur passed, dark and forbidding, and even Varada's adventures heart chilled at the thought of the Dark Trees, land covered with forests so thick that the sun scarcely shone in the day. Along the roadway the forest receded, but Varada, as did all travellers between Niron and Cairak, felt its waiting. It waited, she knew, breeding its own special horrors hidden from the day.



Even from the hot, clear-bright days such as this one, so still the air seemed utterly shattered by their rattling passage, until one such crash of wheels on hard packed earth unleashed such a thunder that seemed to literally split the air. Ahead of them, just beyond the stream they approached, a shimmering occurred, and where nothing stood at one moment the next a form appeared, as though it flew from another reality into the path of Varada. Long were the fangs which dripped with yellow-green liquid. Varada was unwilling to accept the vision for a moment and, in that moment, powerful wings covered the distance between, and the caravan was under attack. Horses, the spirited animals from the Lothanian wilderhills trained foremost for war, flew into panic, breaking from their harnesses as they struggled to turn in all directions at once. Varada heard a short-lived curse before her coach was shattered by continuous blows of thunderous force. With a wrenching crash the lighter cross bracing splintered, and Varada narrowly avoided the descending hoof. The narrow miss galvanized the woman's instincts and she threw herself against the hastily

unlatched door. Better to die in the open than to end one's life pinned in a wooden cage.

Varada found herself in water... choking her... pulling at her with an easy but insistent current. She was swept nearly thirty yards downstream as her heavy royal garments threatened repeatedly to drown her. At last she stood in midstream, half blinded by water and her own long, flowing hair, catching glimpses of the on-going battle. The daemon was a tireless automaton. Varada could not help thinking of the legends of earlier figures, shadow-cloaked giants who battled ceaselessly, unfeeling accumulations of power that rose from the still-cold flesh of the dead. It was a horribly dark cycle of legends, one she had never believed in but one she could no longer doubt with ease. The Daemon, what she saw of it, seemed a madman's conception: the lizardlike head was huge, with jaws that opened and closed convulsively. What had seemed fangs at the first glimpse were merely teeth— but what terrible teeth, row upon row of long and sharp weapons which secreted a flowing greenish-yellow slime which might be poisonous, but it really wouldn't matter to one who got close enough to those reptilian daggers— one really could never hope to test the theory. The sound of the things

teeth clamping together seemed to provide a rhythm for its movements. The tendril arms groped their way forward as though the terror was blind, but an incredible strength in those scaly thews reduced anything it touched into twisted rubble. Occasionally things were pulled into the creature's mouth, provided those parts and wholes contained a sufficient blood quantity. It held wings spread behind itself, seemingly to maintain balance and gain leverage against thrashing horses such as the beast that while attempting to flee nearly crashed into Varada. Stuck there now amongst the broken coaches with forelegs pinned by the wooden wreckage, it burst shrill cries through the forest before the syrupy gloom of the Dark Trees swallowed them. With an abrupt crunching sound the cries truncated and the gory mouth was fed. Tentacles whipped outward like spiders, questing for flesh, and several times the wings were used to herd the entourage. The last coach blocked the path to freedom.

The only path for those before the demon—Varada was behind it—was closed. Observation instructed her of the daemon's near-blindness, and her basic intelligence offered that if she could escape, the monster's deficiency must be exploited. Carefully she moved to the bank letting the noise of the stream cover the sound of her movement. Once, the creature nearly turned and listened for a moment, perhaps with his skin or wherever this bizarre monstrosity's auditory system was located, but turned its attention sharply to a thrashing, yammering guard. Varada's instant freeze saved her, but she nearly lost the impetus to move in that moment as blood pounded deafeningly in her brain, then drained away to leave the princess weak and trembling. She took advantage of her inability to move, however, by using the time to think. As soon as she could steady herself, Varada shed the heavy, water-soaked garments that so hampered her movements. "Let the daemon follow my scent if he can," she thought, "Perhaps this may draw it off for a while." She released the heavily perfumed robes but wasted no time in watching the stream take them "far away," she prayed to Kharma, a god she was none too sure of these days.

Concealing herself in the boulder-strewn landscape, Varada waited, and each sound in the mid-morning air echoed ferociously in her shuddering form. She would be all right, she told herself, as soon as the noises stopped, but when those noises finally stopped she nearly screamed at the total pall which descended over the scene. The stream itself seemed to stop its flow. Scarcely breathing, Varada felt surely her own pounding heartbeat would give her away if the sun did not first broil her. At last, the daemon could be glimpsed from the narrow cleavage between two jutting boulders. With an awful, almost pitiful, whimpering, glutinous sort of frenzy it searched the wreckage. Something, Varada knew, was not right. It searched for her: it knew her scent! It searched the air, raising the tips of its thin leathery wings to swing freely in the carrionscented breezes. The downstream breeze, carried the hint of fine perfume. Varada watched from the corner of a rock as the daemon turned to pursue the trail.

When it rounded the corner of the stream in a bellowing frenzy ~~half-flying and half-running~~, Varada took deep, even breaths to still her throbbing pulse, to clear her thinking. She pushed herself away from her concealment, a separation nearly as traumatic as birth itself, and headed for the higher, more lightly forested ground. The forest, she was sure, would not help her elude this obscenity. She could only pray sunlight would shame it.

Varada was unfamiliar with the wilderhills she faced. Long ago, the water had left them and the trees had died where they stood. She knew the Lothanians survived them, and she knew what the Lothanians were: fiercely independent, proud, they warred among themselves for their sport and glory. They made



excellent mercenaries for the "civilized" armies, provided they could be taught to distinguish friend from foe. Fights involving Lothanas became free-swinging orgies of gore, and they often sang as they fought. And the land which spawned these singing devils, Lothanas, was the land she now must cross, Varanda reminded herself, and if she ever managed to do that, then she could think about where she was going next.

There are no lakes in the wilderhills. Her memory should have told her as much. But the lake which beckoned from the valley seemed a counterproof, and she was very thirsty. Skidding, sliding down the rocky, grass bare hillside ripped and tore at the last vestiges of Varada's tattered garments. At the waterside, she ripped these free and lay down in the shadows to take a cool swallow. She drew a single easy breath and gazed curiously at the sun's amusement with slowly rising bubbles near the center of the lake surface. A sudden chill struck her at the base of the neck as she gazed at the eerie effervescence in the sunburst. She backed away from the water, wide-eyed with fright, a scream bubbling at her lips. Exhaustion had nearly overcome the naked noblewoman for she couldn't rise and could barely scream. The scream, in fact, had exhausted her.

...from the lake it burst powerfully, streaming water... flexing its diaphanous wings as water poured from pockets underneath, turning to dust long before it hit the sun scorched, long dry earth.

II.

Crimson Reckoning

Kemal heard the scream and drew his shiny light broadsword by its leathern hilt in the same fleeting heartbeat. Before the echoes died he had spurred his stocky mount to the hilltop. Below him an incredible tableau unfolded, the stuff of dreams and legends! An auspicious beginning for the legend of Kemal, he told himself as he leapt from the hillpony and scrambled down to a rocky perch above the daemon. Filled with his own tribal lore that left in his mind no two courses, Kemal allowed himself only a moment to study his adversary. What his eyes saw was a horror he had not dreamed existed. Wilderdaemon! The words in the legends were words, after all, and this, there could be no doubt, was a supernatural hellspawn and, now that he'd found it, Kemal wondered just what he was going to do about it. It was obvious this thing could kill him. It was his death song, then, he sang as he leapt into the dwindling space between demon and prey!

Varada lay stunned. The horror was too great. There was nothing within her sheltered experience to prepare her mind for this daemon-beast. Again, a legend of the past arose to confront her, and once again in the words of song took form. She knew this daemon for what it was: Colchus, third scion of Chalixatur, servant of Enoc. The implications ran through her with a force that caused tears to well. She had screamed when she saw it. She felt like screaming again and again. But screaming did not stop it. The sound only seemed to arouse it, causing it to smile. Varada blanched at the thought of Colchus smiling. The thing had an arthropodic head, a bloated, scaly egg that ended in yellowed pincher-like teeth. Hiding within the hills of ancient Eregon, it is said to lure its victims with the promise of water. It was one of the last of Enoc's straggling minions to be driven out, for Colchus was of the bloodline of Chalixatur himself, who perished only with the death of his master. Varada felt as though she had been plunged backwards through time or the world had! All she needed was a swashbuckling hero to launch himself to her defense and she would truly believe.

Kemal dropped to the ground before Varada. A hero, this one! There could be no mistaking the manner in which he held his head the curving, graceful motion of his landing, his sword brandished so high into the air. Both Varada and



the daemon Colchus seemed startled and momentarily non-plussed. Then the daemon, sensing new prey, ground its jaws together and smiled a second, ghastlier time. Two pains to soothe its long aching loneliness. Saliva gushed between its teeth with a wet squishing sound that caused Kemal to take a nervous glance behind him. The girl was too close, he realized, and was not moving. With a wave of his sword he motioned her to leave, arching his body with heroic grace. It was a shame, he thought, the tribal songmaster could not see him thus. It would cause the old dodderer's hands to tremble with excitement.

Kemal felt a sudden roar of wind and whirled with his blade slicing low. While he gestured, the daemon had moved, leaping with a force that would have carried it far past them had its wings not been extended, cupping air that slammed into Kemal even as the creature's claw-tipped hand gouged deeply into the flesh of Kemal's thigh. Kemal howled in pain and the daemon held him upward, shaking him with obvious relish. Kemal bit into his lips to still the fire that screamed through every muscle. His swordgrip liquified as he lost all will to fight in a struggle simply to endure. Then, with a thought to breaking him utterly, the daemon hurled him, but Kemal held on to his senses long enough to roll as he fell. The fighting instinct of the Lothan people is a thing honed from birth. Kemal, however, not too far removed from that happy accident, was unable to continue battling. His foreleg, where gripped by the daemon, bore a charred imprint of a sort of hand, and the muscles ripped from his femur rifled pain spasms throughout his entire body. Colchus, sure of his kill, stalked forward with reptilian swagger, ignoring the fallen sword of the youth. The lizard-thing saw only pain streaming from the figure before him and agony and suffering were long-denied stimuli for this disgusting grotesquerie's dark and brutal soul! It fed on pain it could cause, but to live it also needed flesh!

The appearance of the youth had startled Varada into immobility, but the incredible peril in which he lay aroused her. The spirit of Arapel indeed flowed through her, and the fallen sword seemed an invitation to join her ancestors in a glorious, soul-consuming fury of battle. With two hands she raised the heavy iron. A plowshare her father would have called it--heavy, crude, but with a freshly-honed edge that attested, with the new gleam of recently-forged steel, to its virgin status. For the first time, Varada noticed the youth of her "rescuer." The Lothans strike out early in life to carve a name on the world's door. Varada felt a twinge of the mother instinct for this young fool as he grasp upon the swordhilt tightened. She leapt without hesitation onto the back of Colchus; the thing was an abomination, and must not be allowed to slay the boy. With all the strength she could muster, Varada slashed at Colchus' head. The sword hit squarely often with surprising power, but the blows glanced off the armor-like scales around the creature's neck. It roared its surprise, twisting with sinuous ease, shuddering, bucking, thrashing at her, clutching at her legs until she pulled them away. She clung to him with her knees and the scraping contact of his scaly, undulating hide left the bare skin of her inner thighs raw and bleeding, but it was the sword Varada wielded that occupied her full attention now, as repeated blows cracked and split the armored scales. Again and again she hacked at the place where head joined body and, at last, the sword bit deeply into the knotty muscles of the creature's neck. With a howl of rage, Colchus entered a new frenzy of twisting and leaping. It was Varada's turn to smile in anticipation now as she struck again until a brownish-green mucus spurted from the wound. Again she struck, setting her mouth in a firm, grim line, hacking with all her strength. Colchus heaved, his head nearly severed. Varada released her hold as the daemon fell. A final time she swung the cleaver, resisting to the very last the urge to avert her eyes from the terrible mess. With weary, uncertain steps, Varada staggered backward from the still-convulsing Colchus. She thought only of resting, of lying down somewhere to sleep away the visions of horror still threatening to overwhelm her mind.

Kemal moaned as he lay, curled into a knot of pain. He had witnessed the battle, but the shock of his injury left him unable to move. Now he felt a gentle hand touching his leg, brushing the tangled hair from his face, and he felt through a haze of painful delirium the horrible wrenching pressure of the cloth binding she placed about his thigh. Then his head was lifted and came to rest in a warm and soft cradle that rocked gently with the rhythm of a heartbeat. For a moment Kemal surrendered to the sense of warm so-

curity that flooded him, but suddenly the fierce and lonely pride of Lothan surfaced in him. He struggled to escape the comforting embrace, startling Varada from her trance of exhaustion. He stood with great difficulty, leaning on his messy sword, using it as a crutch. For long moments he stared at Varada, frustration, gratitude and anger warring within him. In the end he swallowed them all and turned speechlessly to the journey homeward. He walked with his now battered sword pushing deeply into the earth with every step, but with every step it dug less deeply. Before he reached the top of the rise he had sheathed the sword and his limp was greatly diminished.

Varada stared after the receding figure. She would have to catch up with him, she knew, for he was her only way out of these wilderhills and she cared not to venture into the Dark Trees alone. Now she was tired and nothing but nothing in the world seemed more important than that...

III. Scarlet Legacy

Hands, large and weathered, held onto the crystal as though they would crush it. Althanar viewed his minion's death as a minor distraction. Varada's continued life was a much more pressing consideration. With a flash of his heavily jeweled hand he dispersed the crystal. Crimson robes he drew tighter to himself as he brooded on the failure. The servants Chalixatur had provided were insufficient. The arch-demon must be chastened, made to correct this stupid error. The life-force which animated the daemon was that of Arapel, and that thought gave Althanar a moment's unease. It seemed doubly wise to test the loyalty of Enoc's former thrall. Althanar smiled. He would send Chalixatur himself against Varada, and hell take nomadic youths who set themselves between.





Jim McKenzie's

Chata

Steak House



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CLEMSON, SOUTH CAROLINA
Home of Clemson University

THE MOMENT GONE BY

by JERRY GRIGGS

"Private Bartolomek," the voice growled out. "Bottleneck! Get your ass out the sack Bottleneck."

"Wha?" He wiped his hands across his face, his eyes.

"I said, 'Get up' Bottleneck. You're holding up the whole platoon. Wake up, dammit! I give you just three seconds to get out of that sack before I assign you to point. Now get moving."

He stood up before he woke up, and even then he couldn't be sure he was awake. He was a private once, sure, but that was . . . thirty years ago . . . in Europa. He looked around, dazed, confused. Surely this wasn't, it couldn't . . .

"Bottleneck! If you want any food better get it now. We've got patrol in fifteen minutes."

Instinct took over and he moved. Explanations could wait. He was even forgetting what it was that needed explaining. There was a strange humming in the back of his mind. That, too, could wait. He moved over to the fire just in time to watch the corporal bury it in rapidly shoveled dirt. Fires were against combat regulations but General Martin was understanding about things like that. He rather liked a warm fire on a chilly evening himself. Bartolomek knew they must have looked strange to the enemy, even frightening, surrounded by the blazing fires like some besieged city of Roman times—to stand upon the parapets and see the wolves at your door . . .

"I told you to get moving." Through the reflections rolled the corporal's gravelly voice. "There's your breakfast by that tree. Cold by now." Bartolomek shrugged his shoulders.

He couldn't really stir up enough enthusiasm to care about whether or not he ate this morning, or on any of another dozen mornings just like this one during the last month. He tried to think about how and why he had gotten there, but his mind was a blank. He only knew that he was there, that he had been there before, and that he knew every step of the journey from now on. Suddenly he remembered the day, the specific day on which he had reappeared—that this was the day the Europeans freed themselves from the Allied death-trap, unleashing forbidden destruction, and the Allied mercenaries disappeared in a wave of frightful eruptions that rippled through the fire-warmed camps, dragging away the earth from underneath their feet, folding them in and under. Recipe for death: blend well two hundred million tons of earth and six battalions of fire-warmed mercenaries. Add trees to season.

Time hung for a moment at the peak of realization before plummeting headlong into the event itself. Things began to move too quickly. That was how he knew that it was time. He threw himself to the ground as the world erupted around him, spouting flames and hurling rock. He found himself covered with a vague mixture of blood, breakfast coffee, and mud, the mud and coffee hard to tell apart. That was all he thought about. The mud and the coffee looked about the same. Then he was unconscious, and then he was waking up again. He was alone, more or less. The others, at least, were in no condition to be termed company—the flies which they were attracting were certainly no better. He sat up and realized that he was unhurt. Dirty, muddy and bloody, but unhurt and strangely relaxed. Maybe because, deep down inside, he knew how this story ended, thirty years later in the safety of his fourth level living room. After all, he had been through it once before, and it was just a matter of remembering a little bit at a time, but the overall memory tended to drive immediate events from his mind.

He remembered a farmhouse. He would come to a farmhouse after two days of walking. He moved off in the direction he knew that he must travel, remembering a certain tree fifty feet before he reached it, a bird only when it darted suddenly away from his feet. A little at a time he reconstructed events at the farmhouse. He would clean himself in the nearby stream, washing the caked brown mud from his clothes and body, chipping it away in places where hairs or fibers merged to bind man, mud, and cloth. From the trees he would watch the farmhouse, seeming to detect occasional movement at the windows for a while, until out of sheer boredom he would carelessly give his presence away. Then the movement would stop, telling him that whoever was within was more afraid of Private Bartolomek than he was of them. At twilight he would go down and then that night . . . oh god, that night . . . he remembered it and tears came to his eyes. Tears not for the woman. Tears for himself revealed.

He tried to veer from the path, but each time he turned he recognized the way. Each turn took him closer, and closer. He was there. The farmhouse sat below him nestled among trees. He on the hill waited because that's the way it was. Clean, now, freshly bathed in the stream. Relaxed, refreshed, perhaps that was why he was here again—to change it, to set it right.



He strode casually into the twilit house. No one else would be here. Just he, and the girl hiding, cowering in the dark cellar behind the little wooden door. It had to be different. Already it was different. He remembered himself as he was before, slinking through the house, leaving a trail of fear that flowed like liquid through the soles of his feet and fouled the very air around him. He had checked each room

thoroughly, hoping to find a weapon or some food. He found neither. What he found this time was a mirror in the bedroom, and in the mirror he saw his face. The eyes of the man in the mirror were putrid with fear.

Bartolomek rushed from the bedroom and stood panting against the outside door. He had to leave now, not go any further in the house. But as he

moved away he stopped. Running away would not change it. It had to be faced and defeated. Before he had been a mere child. Now he could rectify his childhood error by calling upon thirty added years of maturity, years in which his intellect had stabilized itself, throwing off the impetuosity of his youth. Hadn't he always tried to comfort himself with the thought that what had happened in his youth was a product of his youth, that the burden of guilt should be left in the past. Hadn't he secretly wished for the very opportunity he now had, to face his past and defeat it? Of course his face still showed the fear. It was his mind that was changed, not his body. Going down the cellar steps he made plenty of noise, allowing the thudding of his boots to announce his arrival. He would open the little door, smile, and offer his hand in friendship.

It was too dark. She wouldn't be able to see him, see his friendly smile. He found and candle and lit it. The cellar darkness danced with the shadows and the door hung on rusted hinges before him. He smiled and pulled the little rope handle. It wouldn't come. It was locked from the inside. Now he remembered that too—how he had torn the wooden door from its hinges. It had to be opened for his plan to succeed. Reluctantly, yet with a surreptitious thrill at his renewed youthful power, he tore away the door, trying at the same time to renew his cheerful smile, but it was most difficult with a dis severed door in one hand, a prancing candle in the other, and the loud echoes of that terrible wrenching sound still hanging in the air.

Something was wrong. His smile disappeared. He allowed the door to drop to the ground and stood shocked by the betrayal of the moment not as he remembered. Instead of the haggard young woman he expected to face, with nose a little too long and eyes of dull grey, he found a beautiful, delicate little girl of no more than thirteen. She stood shivering against the back wall and panic and tears made her round dark eyes all the more beautiful. Her arms and legs, slender, smooth butterfly wings, flowed forth from her ragged dress.

"Papillion," he whispered under his breath. So long. My God, it had been so long. A flush passed through his brain and he was overcome by the sense of power that radiated through his body. His hand trembled with it and the candle sent out pulses of warm light. Her deep, dark hair pulled him forward. Her sob was deep-throated as he grabbed her. She pushed away, kicking and beating him with small,

delicate child-fists. He threw her onto the cot that stood against the wall. He pushed her into the corner and began to bring his superior weight to bear, but soon realized that her resistance was too determined. Already she had caused him pain. Leaning against her so that she would not escape he played a waiting game. She was near exhaustion. Sleep would soon become irresistible, while he was refreshed. She fought him, her head arched upward on her slender, unsupported neck—arm held upward, bracing against his shoulder. He sat as though totally relaxed and growing drowsy, luring her into sleep. Each time her eyes slipped shut and her head sank back, her arm beginning to lean more on than against, slowly, gently, he would renew his kisses that touched gently, tenderly, then passed on, and in her half-sleep she gradually responded—resisting, sleeping, resisting, sleeping, resisting a little less, sleeping a little more. Finally her resistance faded altogether as her sensuality, her youth, and innocence—her energy—took over, and she submitted. Her spidery fingers began to move in unsure caresses.

He awoke during the early morning and gazed at her smiling beside him, wondering if the rage would return. Vividly he recalled the scene. Her screams of pain echoed and echoed and echoed in his ears. He sat up and clamped his arms tightly around his head to block them out. He sat with head between his arms between his knees and bubbles of sweat formed on his brow. Flashes of red danced before his eyes, tightly closed to further block out the screams. But with eyes closed he saw visions of her. Dancing red flashes became dancing, bloody visions of her. He moaned out loud at the sight

The sudden but gentle pressure of her hand electrified electrified his. He reacted with brutal reflex. He swung his arm outward, knocking her away and back against the wall. She screamed in pain as he swung again, screamed as he flailed at her shielding arms, screamed as he crushed her slender frame, crumpling it inward as though to compact it into a mangled heap of bones and flesh. He had to stop the screaming—that bloody awful screaming.

He sat on the farmhouse porch and cried. There were no gigantic sobs to shake his body, only silent waters. He cried until there were no more tears. Then he washed himself again in the little creek that flowed so brightly cold through the farmyard, and when he was clean he moved on, remembering only the moment gone by.





POETRY





White Sand Wine

Fresh, bright flowers spotted
the hillside. Some, slightly darkened,
lurked in shadows, their colors
toned in black.

I reached for a handful of dirt
and my spirits sank in rich, moist earth
for ageing.

I remembered
the valley road and mountain trail;
the magic clover-leaf at Spindale
which was cousin to the compass.

I remembered
the clear taste of White Sand Wine
and bright, sharp cheese wrapped
in a cotton bandana.

And all along,
Dust that bites the lips
and sticks between the teeth.

Barrie Davis

Tears?

They are the scribes of young faces
these skiers of cheek flesh.
They press the cuneiform letters of crow-
feet wrinkles into the soft clay of the flesh;
They purge the tortured soul with their own
bitter dirges and swell the eyes shut.
They may soften kings and queens to mercy,
But they cannot rust the wheel of time locked
or bring back the dead
or even soften the swift touch of sorrow.
Tears?
What is left to ask of them?

Kathy Wells



Staying here
Like some well-trained cat
Which you must pet,
You teach me words foreign to my soul
And I obey.
Someday I shall have my cat-freedom again
and then your yellow drifting hand
Cannot touch and wither me.

Woman, you strain my life.
You would have me stuffed
And sitting on your mantelpiece,
Or lain upon your floor
For the amusement of your friends.
I lay beside you in the night
And know you do not dream of me.

Foul thing,
Come closer.

Come creature, sit with me.
I'll tell you stories, make you laugh.
Sing songs for you
That aren't in any book.
You Garden.
Let me nestle close to your good earth
And hollow out a place
To put my body.

Pete Arlan

where you touch me I multiply,
feeling it a thousand times at once.

a secret trick
performed in darkness

sun-gases stretching a steel balloon.

Miller Ingram



The Bee

I have heard for many years now
That bumblebees aren't supposed to be able
To fly.

I even heard at a party once
That one WWII airplane wasn't supposed to be able
To fly, like the bumblebee.

But what you're doing, friend, is ridiculous.
Here at my feet as I come from a drug store
Having come from an A&P with a fairly fresh
Ham and wheat sandwich and a package of fig bars
For breakfast, here you are walking,
Walking across a morning-warm parking lot.

Asphalt oil stains your yellow stripes,
Dulls gray your black-shine furry round body
Bumbling six-legged across the place of cars and
Occasional pedestrians this morning.

Whose will be to watch you when the cars increase
And somebody unwatching or watching steps on you?
Could you at a last desperate moment rev up your impossible
Self to fly yet one more time, for your life?

Robert Hill

A Disjoint Threnody

Come you connoisseur of the fine wine of four-letter
words. I will make you a palace
where their beauty may echo, fleeting
on the cool clear walls etched with crayon epigrams.
I will capture the bawdy nudeness of the jade
you groped for and suspend it lovingly
above your head.
I will warm your palace with hate and
prejudice—those things you always found time for.
I will shape your palace long and low,
and when you have done your worst
you will ride away to start your residency.
And you may sit and stare through the
epitaph-hewn window that guards your domain
muttering softly and wondering what went wrong.

Kathy Wells



Confrontation

Ours is a poem in blank verse
 Lamented the rickety bridge
 To the transport truck
 That halted at the suspension's
 Slick threshold
 In the downpour of summer rain.
 The stream I protect is clear and free
 And while I would love to claim
 The support of a truck
 My water-logged timbers
 Are now only a refuge
 For soaked, dripping friends.
 Indeed blank verse
 Said the truck, in reverse,
 Backing up to a fruit stand
 In Michigan.

David Roberts

Goddess of the unborn
 I throw my womb to the wind,
 (Floria take my poetry and let them eat it)
 Sisters touch my arm for we will let down our hair
 And take off our clothes
 Rouge rouge rouge
 The Breasts
 The Cheeks
 The Laughs . . .
 Naked we will taste our souls,
 Rainbows
 Quilts
 Clowns.

Jan Rowe

Chain

Cracked squirrel shells, castaway twigs
 on the rich rusty soil,
 Inbetween clumps of honeyed white heads
 rising from hairs in the rich rusty soil,
 Shadowed by giant oaks, green sun umbrellas
 nursing sweetness from the rich rusty soil
 and the rusty soil becomes rich with death.

Olga Savitsky



Bullhead Fishing

We were three in line
balancing with fish poles
and sleeping bags tied
carefully around the cargo
of beer, as we walked
hurriedly along the river
on twelve inches of rain
slickened flood wall,
puddles in the street
seemed more than ten feet
from our careful boots
and the rustling and swaying
of the maple trees amplified
the treachery of our devious
expedition.

As the concrete tightrope
slowly died into the river's
bank, giving turn to the steep
muddy edge, we saw the campfire's
smoke winding over the holly
hedge and heard faint laughter
and limbs snapping against trees
in anticipation of the cool night.

Familiar houses vanished as
we shuffled through the bush
and cheers filled the red
evening sky when we poked
into the clearing rimmed by
the muddy shore, while the smell
of the first opened beer offered
our joy to the night.

Bullheads came in, sometimes
three on a line, the sheer walls
of layered shale behind us glistened
from the morning rain in the moon's
full light and their presence was
obscured only by the numbness of
our heads. Bullheads upon bullheads
we caught and quart upon quart we
drank until stupor quieted the noise
of most.

Only the river's reflection of the
moon positioning itself through the
night watching our lines enjoyed
the darkness more than we. As the lines
were being wisked in and the last
brew was popped, the smell of
fish frying over the golden
softwood coals calmed the river's
early morning fury and we ate,
packed our bags and again walked
the trail past familiar houses,
beside the concrete wall and
raced the paperboy to our doors
in hoping for a few hours sleep.

Donald A. Jones



For Cousin Elma

She had a face hard as turtle
shell and a figure drawn by crayon
held tightly
in a shaky
3rd grade
hand.

All her life she felt like the wind
inside a dark cave and when a man
once said he loved her she nearly
split the shell with her tears, but he
was a goose-necked man with yellow
hair stuck together in a dozen greasy
places and a wart right
below his left eyes so she said
no, not now. thank you.

and every fall she stays inside her warm
house, waters her violets and tries
not to hear the wild geese
flying past.

George Batman

A BACHELOR LYING ALONE

I am told when old and on one's back one discovers
what was missed while upon the bellies of many lovers—
but not me, lying here under my three covers.

for I have seen the night spider seize his winged prey
trapped in the sticky web, and with slight delay
be binds him in a silk sack to devour during the day

but I was that prey in the womb's night
caught within a skeleton web, and before my sight
wrapped in silk-smooth clay—then struggled into the light

kicking to escape with a self-pitying cry
knowing that if ever tired or ever to lie
still, soon I'd be devoured like bound prey, soon to die

so, if I skipped over while you touched ground,
or while you grasped the meaning of words, I only the sound—
you may brag, but admit being more tightly bound.

Art Foundry



Love Poem

It was in December in the parking
lot of the mayonnaise plant amid the odor
of discarded egg shells and rotted
sour cream when she said she loved me
and I'll swear I heard birds
sing even if it was too cold for anything
but pigeons to hobble around.

George Batman

I talk to a girl who is 13.
I ask if she is a virgin.
She says no

not wanting to shrug it off—

There is a thing about manhood nearly
anchored
draws tight like a hook in your bowels
with downplayed shock I

(take on his guilt)

shrug it off.
I make her shrug it off
preserve delicacy
an autumn flower in my mind

She doesn't want it to have meant nothing.
She wants me to say something moving.
Something final.
Absolving. An innocent quality of guilt
she once learned she ought to feel

and I
(confusion)
because I know nothing to say
try to smile without embarrassment
jostle her playfully

(there is tragedy in this
desperate mockery of an order
I almost believe
I no longer believe in)

say it's ok.
Say I

dontgiveashitman.

Garland Gooden



SUNRISE CEMETERY

All of the princely dreams of common man
Are laid to rest in quiet order here;
And with their proudly phallic stones they stand
As testaments to mankind's primal fear.

Alone, I looked across the field to where
The quiet mountains rose to still the breeze,
And listened, patiently, for an answer
To call to me, quietly, from the trees.

None came so I turned to walk aimlessly
Around the stones, reading names or epitaphs
Carved in granite so meticulously
And marked with dates from decades past.

Illusions absent, also gone is fame.
Weeds make it so with every inch they claim.

Barrie Davis

Preston

a spindly young brown-footed tree snake
who has been amused by knots
in chinaberry trees
and has been accused
of being equally as hard to get rid of.

he has wandered mistakenly into foamy puddles,
and eaten deeply of a pumpkin bug there,
and called it experience.

then somberly on, philosophizing,
slipped past some broken mirror
and knew it was himself.
he saw a spindly boy slide, smile out
soft cry jump up
two-legged, ran away.

Tom Johnson



He had to have it,

My strength
The hazy strength that moves
Between the need to know
and the fair.

The right ice he found,
As terrible as the flaming
Sunday afternoons of puberty.

Applying it quickly
To one of the infinite possibilities
of a living soul.

He looked like a man trying
to photograph the shadow of a ballerina.

Miller Ingram

Do not hurt us
Do not reveal
the height from which you stare
the feeling of thin air
the clear
the knowlege that you can be alone
and happy

And if your hwyll shall strike you in the shower
Glorying in the wonder of hot water

Forsake your greater magic
To make a shower-room song
Standing naked there
Sing it out
That even the fool might dance in its rout

The world IS half the devil's and your own
But the other half wants water to quinch the thirst
they do not understand
They will kill for it.

Miller Ingram



The cigarettes glowed in our hands
 Like so many fireflies dotting the hill,
 Now in unison, now totally without rhythm.
 A light roll of thunder startled a few of the men.
 They looked nervously around,
 Seeking the now-distant enemy.
 I held out the hand
 And watched raindrops fall through it.

Pete Arlan

Dwarf makes Fat Lady

They sat
 Him stretching out his pudgy arm
 and fat hand
 To squeeze the fat thigh hanging off
 where her arm should be.
 You should have seen the meshy flesh mesh;
 And, oh, the way she bared her bridge
 believing a smile was seen.

Then, thrilled, he pulled himself over
 and clamored onto that copious lap —
 Reached up and clenched with stubby hands
 that smile-parted cheek,
 Pulling the stringy-haired lumpy head
 down to be kissed.

Oooh, she rolled back on that park bench
 while he ripped wide the unbuttonables
 To loose sweet oblivion all over her insides,
 never being aware the world walked by
 like Central Park.

Mike Watson

... Flaking concrete, gritty to the touch,
 Prison bars and remorse ... more jail
 Than prison, really ... but that ache in
 Your gut is real enough ... that empty,
 Dull ache of knowing it's over ...
 "Davis? Davis!?"
 ... Cold, hard grits and tepid water ...
 ... Sun rising slow and easy over that
 Grey horizon ... rising ... warming your
 Cheek, warming rhythm of the waves, surf
 Breaking, white spume shot through
 With morning gold ... Rising ... "Gettin'
 Hot."
 "Yea, gettin' hot. Gonna be a hot'un."
 ... Big, white sun rises, falters and
 Descends ... cool breeze flowing off the
 Sea ... shafts of afternoon sunlight
 Pierce the cool shadows ... sweat turning
 Clammy on your back and belly ...
 Descends ... sand blown gently up the
 Beach, chasing last week's paper ...
 Descends ... that great orange ball
 Plunging to its death ... distant waves
 Lap at the sun's feet, like the chief's
 Old dogs at chowtime ... sun sinking
 And soft glow and ... gone ... only the
 Wind is left and me, and the sand
 Blown before the wind ... and the damp
 Night ...

Terry Thomas



THE WAND

Again a herald comes;
again you wave your only magic by a wand,
like the lightning rod to receive him
in capture.

Absorbed, he enters, passes through
to the symphony you conduct,
all the while like a miracle.

But now, the sorcery of it all beyond you
rises, crescendo-like, to engulf you mightily
in the wind you didn't see behind him

As he leaves,
again unknowingly,
as he came.

Gene Troutman

Perverted from living by the need to live
He died,
And never knew he was a poet.
I used to watch him work.
Smooth—

His hands felt the way,
And there was joy in this
And pride.
He worked as he could
Yet thought there must be more.
There was no more.

Pete Arlan



RATS

by

WACHITO HARLAN

Now muse, let us sing of rats
Who are at times known to be chased by cats,
But we must stop this horrible trend
Of cats which by nature like to rend
Our rats, who have never done them any harm
In city ghetto or on the farm.
Rats make marvelous pets, you see.
So take one home, or two, or three,
And entertain your guests at tea.

A rat is fun to have around
A country house or in a town,
And if you have enough at a time,
They'll even keep your cats in line.
Even an unwanted child
They'll take care of after a while.
Just buy some rats and watch them go!
It's fun to see them frolic so.
You'll laugh to see it. Ho ho ho.

RATS



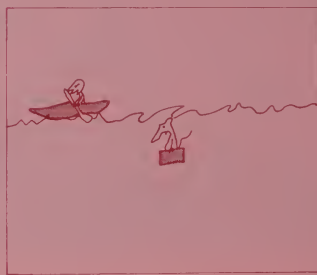
Step on Them Then Kick Them



Poison Thier Tea



Hang em High



Thow Them in a lake

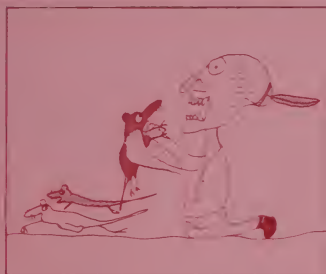


Pull Them apart with horses



Send Them Thru a meat Grinder

If you can't get rats to come
I'll tell you where to go get some.
Just call them in a high falsetto
Amid the ruins of a burned out ghetto.
But when you've made your cheerful call
Be carefull that you do not fall,
Or you'll be trampled in the crush
Of rats all coming in a rush
And lying there, be taken for a lush.



Eat Them



Beet Them up.



run over Them



kidnap Them

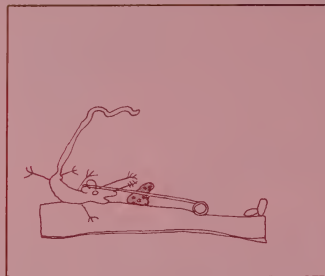


Push Them off cliffs

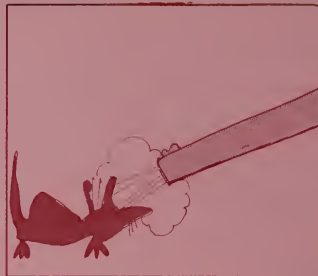
Shoot them
into space.

Choose your favorite carefully
As the rats crowd round you hairfully
Then lift him gently by the tail
Insert him swiftly in a pail
And carrying him home thus
He'll go without a fuss.
Once you reach your destination
Turn them loose sans hesitation
For hours a joyful recreation.

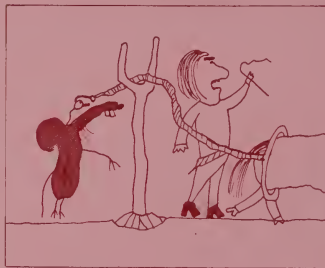
RATS



set traps



shoot Them



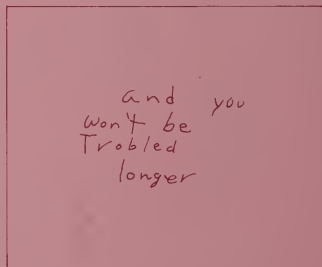
Pull Their eyes out



run The cat in



Put them under The
Leaning Tower of Pisa
and Push



and you
won't be
troubled
longer

The lordly rat is such a breed
Of other pets you'll have no need
And now I leave you on this note
To read these verses I have wrote.
And when you've read what I have written
With these verses you'll be smitten
And committing them to memory
Recite them to your friends with glee
Who'll listen, wrapped in ecstasy.



PETE POPPADINOPOLOUS' LAST STAND

FICTION BY GARY LIGI

Pete Poppadinopolous, the pipe-fitter, arms laden with two buckets of Kentucky Fried Chicken, biscuits, gravy, cole-slaw, potato-salad, no-deposit-no-return bottled soft drinks, two six-packs of beer in all-aluminum-tab-top cans, and his monogrammed two-tone-baked-enamel-on-stainless-steel tool-box, never expected to be stabbed as he stepped into the elevator. Therefore, when it happened, he could only mutter: "Shit," while a mysterious little man screamed: "Don't curse at me, you mother-fucking Chink!" and plunged the butcher knife again and again into Poppadinopolous's tender side. "Take that back to Mao, and tell him Freddy the Shiv don't take no shit," the little man said as he fled the elevator, leaving Pete alone and holding all sorts of things.

Pete pushed the sixth floor button. The doors closed, and the elevator started up. "Shit. Shit. Shit," Poppadinopolous muttered, "Shit. Shit. Shit." The machine stopped on the second floor. Mrs. Crackow got in. She asked Mr. Poppadinopolous how he was feeling, and Pete responded by saying he was fine. He extended the courtesy by asking Mrs. Crackow how things were going with her. "Not worth a shit," Mrs. Crackow confided, and noticing his wound, she continued: "You think you got problems? Somebody stole Harold's colostomy pouch again yesterday. Third time this week. You think you got problems."

"I'm not complaining," Pete said.

The machine stopped on the third floor. Mrs. Crackow got out, saying: "Toodely-doo, Mr. Poppadinopolous. You really should have a talk with that young man. Say hello to your wife." The doors closed again. The next time they opened, Pete was on the fifth floor. A little black man in a red suite came in and put a sign over the control panel. The sign said: OUT OF ORDER. "Shit," Pete continued to mutter. "Sorry, Missuh Poppadinopolous, but signs is signs," the black man said. "I understand, I'm not blaming you," Pete said and fumbled for his keys with the free fingers of his left hand. Unfortunately, where the pocket that held the keys had been was now only a gaping hole. Pete asked the black man, who was by this time busy filing the numbers off the Otis name plate on the floor near the door, if he could see any keys in the elevator. After swishing around in the blood for a couple of seconds, the black man said: "Sorry, Missuh Poppadinopolous, but they's no keys in here." Pete thanked the man for his troubles, mumbling. "They must have fallen inside me again."

He left the elevator, juggling the packages trying to get a better grip on things, and walked to a door with a red EXIT sign over it. He pushed the door open, and climbed two flights of steps to the sixth floor exit, all the while thinking,



"Steffie ain't never gonna believe this." At the sixth floor exit, he grabbed the handle with two of the free fingers on his right hand, pulled the door open enough to get his foot in it, kicked the door back,

and was about to step through, when Mrs. Hauptman rushed up.

"Hello, Mrs. Hauptman. Having a nice day?" he asked.

"Lousy day. Lousy day," said old Mrs. Hauptman, "The fucking elevator is out again. Nothing works anymore."

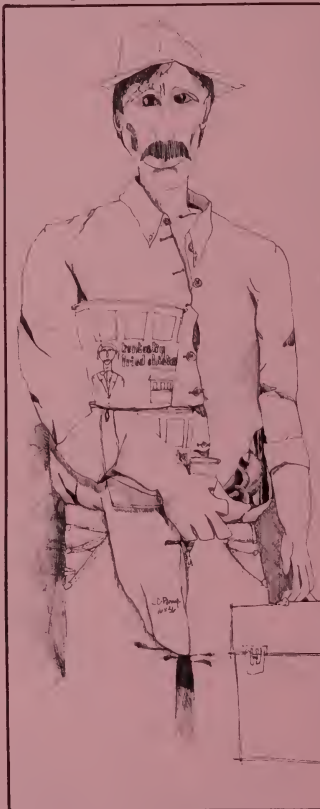
"I know what you mean," Pete said, stepping back, holding the door open with his massive back. Pete Poppadinopolous was a monster of a man. If he had gone on to high school he would have made a fine football player. He was six feet ten inches tall and weighed a little over three hundred and fifty pounds. "Eat big and be a big boy," his mother used to tell him when he was a little boy. When he was a big boy, she said: "What a fucking pig you are." Pete never went on to high school. He went to a reformatory because he killed a boy named Steve at a CYO baseball game. It was an accident. The boy was sliding, trying to score from third on an infield ground ball. The peg was high, and Pete, making a miraculous catch, swung his huge arms to make the tag. He caught Steve in the neck and took the boy's head clean off at the shoulders. Steve's head sailed halfway to the pitcher's mound. The crowd was silent as the umpire raised his left hand, signifying the boy was out. Pete was still trying to wipe the blood off his catcher's mitt when the police came to take him away. Pete said to Mrs. Hauptman: "Watch you don't slip in the mess."

"When are you ever going to grow up, Pete?" Mrs. Hauptman asked no one in particular, as she waddled down the stairs. "Always in trouble. Always in trouble," her voice faded away, not waiting for any answer.

"I don't know" Pete muttered, "Shit." Then he stepped into the hall and walked down to a door with the numbers 618 painted on it. He pushed a little glowing button under a nameplate that said: POPPADINOPOLOUS. The button activated something in one of the rooms beyond the door. Something sang out: BING BING BONG BONG BING BONG DING DONG.

Thirty-five seconds later, a nervous voice crackled through a tiny perforated aluminum square. This nervous crackle asked: "Who is it?"

"It's me, of course. Pete," Pete answered, trying to rest his heavy load against the door frame. Steffie sounded suspicious when she said: "You got your own keys, don't



you?" Pete responded by explaining that though he did indeed have his own keys, his arms were presently laden with goodies and tools which made it virtually impossible for him to reach his keys. But Steffie pointed out that his arms had been laden with goodies and tools before and he had seldom had any problems letting himself in. Pete argued, finally, "But tonight is different." There was a short lull, during which Mr. Rotundra, from door 635, asked Pete if he had a light. Instinctively, Pete reached a

few free fingers for his missing pocket, and feeling a loop of intestine pulse out to meet his fingers, he apologized to Mr. Rotundra, explaining: "I did have a light. But it must have fallen inside me with my keys." Mr. Rotundra said that it was perfectly all right, that he should have known better than to ask Pete for anything, that his room was just down the hall, and that he could wait the few extra seconds. As he left, Mr. Rotundra noted civilly, "By the way, that's some gash you got there."

"Thanks," Pete said.

Finally Steffie crackled, cautiously: "How so?"

"That little man who calls himself Teddy the Nit, or something like that, stabbed me on the elevator, and my keys must have fallen inside the gash. It's some gash," Pete explained.

Steffie attached Pete's explanation on two points. "In the first place," she said, "If this Reddy the Fit stabbed you on the elevator, tonight isn't particularly different," noting that Pete had been stabbed several times lately. "In the second place," Steffie continued, "I don't believe you got stabbed again. Nobody can have such a run of bad luck," noting that Pete had been stabbed several times lately.

"I've got to hand it to you," Pete admitted, "You're perfectly correct on both points. But besides all that though, I still can't get to my keys and I'm me. Look through the peephole."

"I can't. It's broken. They came by today and took it out."

"Then listen to my voice. Don't I sound like me?"

"Anybody could sound like you. Go away. You couldn't have got stabbed again."

"Open the door Steffie. I don't have a very good grip on these things. It'd be a shame to waste all these things."

Steffie wanted to know what he had. Pete explained that he had the usual: two buckets of Kentucky Fried Chicken, biscuits, gravy, coleslaw, potato-salad, soft-drinks, beer, and tool-box. Steffie confessed that



the list seemed accurate enough, except that he had forgotten the newspaper. Consequently, she wondered: "How can I be sure that you're not a rapist, aburglar, a murderer, or a salesman?"

Pete said that he gave her his word. He apologized for having forgotten the paper.

"Your word don't mean shit to me, not with all the crimes going on around here lately," Steffie said: "And you promised you wouldn't forget the paper. Go away."

"But Steffie . . ."

"Go away, or I'll call the police. I don't want no trouble. My husband will be home any minute. What would he think?"

"I don't know," Pete mumbled as he walked across the hall to door 615. His arms were beginning to grow tired. "He must have got me good this time," Pete thought. He wondered how long he could keep his grip. Pete pushed the glowing button below a nameplate that said: GIAQUAMODINAKO-THEOSONOWITZ. Inside the room beyond the door, something buzzed: BIZZZZZZZZIT. Twenty-four seconds later, a voice crackled out of a perforated square similar to the one across the hall. "Yeah?" the voice asked.

"Johnny?" Pete asked, "Does your peephole work?"

"Sure does, Pete. They tried to take it out today, but I wouldn't let them," Johnny said, "What do you want?"

"Look through it and tell me what you see," Pete said.

After a couple of seconds, Johnny said: "I see Pete Poppadinopolous, Pete. Why do you want to know? You get stabbed again?"

"Yeah. And my keys must have fallen inside me. But our peephole got took out today, and Steffie thinks I'm a salesman or something. She won't let me in. Could you call her and tell her who I am?"

"Sure thing, Pete," But after a short pause, Johnny continued: "Was it that same Neddy the Tit?"

"Yeah. The same Vietnamese bastard," Pete answered.

"Where did he get you this time?"

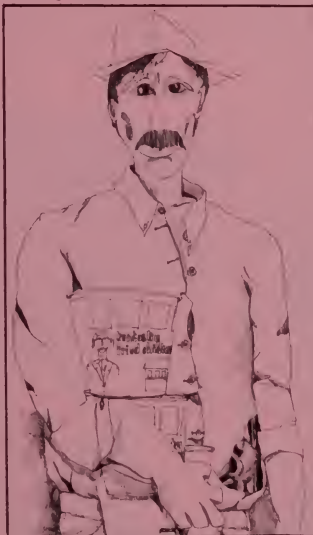
"In the gut, as usual."

"No. I mean where — in the subway, the bus, at work . . .?"

"The elevator. He got me in the elevator. On the first floor," Pete said.

"The elevator? Shit, he's getting close to home."

"I guess he is," Pete said. Then



he asked: "Johnny?"

"Yeah, Pete?"

"Could you make that call? I don't have a very good grip on these things."

"Sure Pete. Be right back. You wait right there."

While Johnny was making the call, Pete had time to think about the run of bad luck he'd been having. This was the fifth time he had been stabbed in the past six months. He figured that this amazing frequency could be attributed at least in part to the fact that he was a fast healer. "If I didn't heal up so fast," he thought, "If I could have spent a little time in the hospital, maybe I could throw his rhythm off so it wouldn't happen so much." He had been slashed while washing up at the Centovase Plumbing and Supply Company before leaving for home one Friday, on the Sixth Avenue subway three weeks later, on the crosstown bus nine weeks after that, in the Ken-

tucky Fried Chicken stand two blocks from the apartment complex a month later, and now on the first floor in the elevator of his own building. Johnny was right, Pete thought, this Teddy the Nit is getting close to home. Everytime Pete had been knifed, by the way, his keys had fallen somewhere inside him. He couldn't see any reason for this to happen, other than the fact that Freddy the Shiv always got him in the same place. Pete guessed he would have to start carrying his keys in another pocket. He wondered where it was all going to end. He wondered why other people seldom lost their keys. Each time, the wound had gotten bigger. Pretty soon, he might not be expected to recover.

Pete had begun to suspect that Freddy the Nit had it in for him after the second incident. "Bad things always come in threes," he knew. He expected he would be assaulted the third time, and he had planned to ask Freddy what it was all about. "Teddy the Nit," he would ask, "What's this all about? I ain't no Chink. I'm a Greek. Just look at me." He figured Freddy would realize his mistake, apologize, and everything would be all right again. "No more trouble," Pete would say, "OK? No more trouble." But Freddy always managed to catch Pete completely off guard. At work, the little man had appeared out of a waste-paper basket, screaming: "BANZAI!" He stabbed Pete once and fled. Pete didn't think much about it. "Things like this happen now and then," Pete decided. The second incident took place as Pete was boarding the Sixth Avenue local. As Pete stepped on, the little man shoved the knife in, whispering: "Chew on that awhile, you rotten yellow commie coward. For liberation!" Pete decided he'd better keep on guard. He figured he'd be ready for Freddy the next time, but one day as Pete offered his seat to an ugly old lady on the crosstown bus, the lady suddenly metamorphosed into Freddy the Shiv, holding the handle of a knife that seemed to be growing out of Pete's side. Pete

could only manage to mutter: "Shit. Shit. Shit," over and over, which apparently infuriated the little man. Hence the third wound was larger than either of the first two. The fourth encounter took place after Pete had paid a girl tagged SALLY for his usual order of Kentucky Fried Chicken. As Pete walked toward the door, he heard a familiar voice say: "Here. Let me get that for you," Simultaneously, Pete felt a sharp pain in his left side. "Shit. Shit. Shit," he said. "You foul-mouthed Chinese!" Freddy had screamed and added a few extra slices for the obscenity. Hence the fourth wound was bigger than the third. Pete had actually believed the fifth stabbing would happen in Tony's Italian-American Delicatessen, which explains his shock at being gutted in the elevator. It explains why he could only mutter: "Shit. Shit. Shit," so many times. The fifth wound was the biggest yet.

Johnny returned to call Pete back from his musings. "Steffie is taking a shower right now, but she said she'll open the door in a couple of minutes. Soon as her hair gets dry. She didn't sound like herself," he said.

"I hope she hurries," Pete said, "I can't hold onto these things forever."

There was a pause in conversation during which Johnny's breath could be heard rasping in the little perforated square. Pete shifted his weight from one foot to the other. Finally, he lost his grip on the tool-box. It smashed to the floor making a tremendous noise. Heads appeared from doors up and down the hall. Only 618 and 615 remained shut. "Hold it down, will ya Pete?" some of the heads said. "Shit," Pete mumbled.

Pete was beginning to feel a little hazy from loss of blood. His arms seemed heavier than usual. His grip was growing less and less sure. He wondered what it was all about. Why had Freddy the Nit singled him out for harassment? Why was Freddy getting close to home? Why were all Greeks named Pete or Gus? When was he going to grow up?

How could anyone sound like him? How long would he be able to hold onto his things?

Johnny's voice asked: "Do you want to talk about it?"

"Johnny," Pete began, "Johnny, something bad is going on. Something bad and big. I ain't never done nothing to that little Vietnamese creep. I don't know what the hell he wants out of me. I don't bother nobody. And always on the weekend. He's spoiled five weekends now. Five of them. All week long I work hard at my job. I fit pieces of pipe together. You know what that's like, Johnny? Fitting pieces of pipe together? It's rough work. That's what it is. I'll tell you. Getting down in boiler rooms where it's hot like hell. Working outside in the winter sometimes when it's thirty below, fixing pipes that froze and broke. It ain't no easy job. You get to where you really look forward to the weekends. And this little Teddy the Nit is taking my weekends away from me. I mean, it ain't fair."

"I know what you mean. Harry the Flit got me yesterday for the third time. Us electricians have Fridays off. Our weekends begin on Thursday night. This is the third one I lost. The bad thing is Doris was with me. He got her too."

"DORIS?"

"Yeah, Doris. But she's not a fast healer like you and me. The doctors don't know if she's gonna pull through."

"Doris," Pete mumbled, "Now they're going too far."

"Stabbed her in the chest three or four time. Wouldn't have happened if she hadn't have jumped in front of me. Harry didn't really mean it. He even apologized, said he was sorry about it."

"Johnny, I'm real sorry to hear it. Real sorry."

"It's OK Pete. There's nothing I can do about it now. Maybe if I had gone after him after the second time, things would have been different. If I could have grabbed him and said: 'OK, now listen you little Harry the Flit. You lay off now, you hear? I'm no Arab, you lopsided Jew. You bug me again and

I'm gonna tear your head off the face of the planet!' — if I could have done that, maybe Doris would be OK now I never wanted to get her involved."

"I'm gonna fix the little bastards," Pete grumbled. His body began to tremble with rage. The wound began to edge itself closed. "I'm gonna make the bastards pay!"

"You say something, Pete?" Johnny asked, his crackle of a voice on the verge of tears.

"Nothing," Pete said, "I didn't say nothing. I'll see you later. You fix yourself a drink. Relax. I got something I got to do." Pete dropped everything: the beer, the soft-drinks, the biscuits, the cole-slaw, the gravy, the potato-salad, the chicken. Everything splooshed, crunched, splattered, and crashed to the floor. Up and down the hall, heads began to peek out of the doors, but Pete sent them darting back for shelter by screaming: "IF ONE OF YOU HEADS AS MUCH AS YAWNS, I'LL TEAR THIS FUCKING BUILDING OFF THE FACE OF THE PLANET AND SEND YOU ALL TO BETELGEUSE!" A strange power began to grip him. He felt as if he were growing bigger. "This is what I was born for," Pete thought: "I AM THE AVENGER!" In a minute, he knew, he would be bigger than his clothing. Then bigger than the hall, bigger than the building, the planet, the universe. He could see through to the meaning of all things. He knew what he had to do—what had to be done. "Who needs Kentucky Fried Chicken!" he howled, fishing in his wound—extracting pocket lint, lottery tickets, Bic pens, his wallet, a union badge, and finally the house key—which he licked clean with a flourish. He marched to his own door.

Fumbling with the lock trying to get the key to work, Pete began to hum the Star-Spangled Banner. His wound was almost closed. "It is a miracle," he said, "It's a sign." When he finally got the lock unlocked, he found the safety chain

continued on page 93

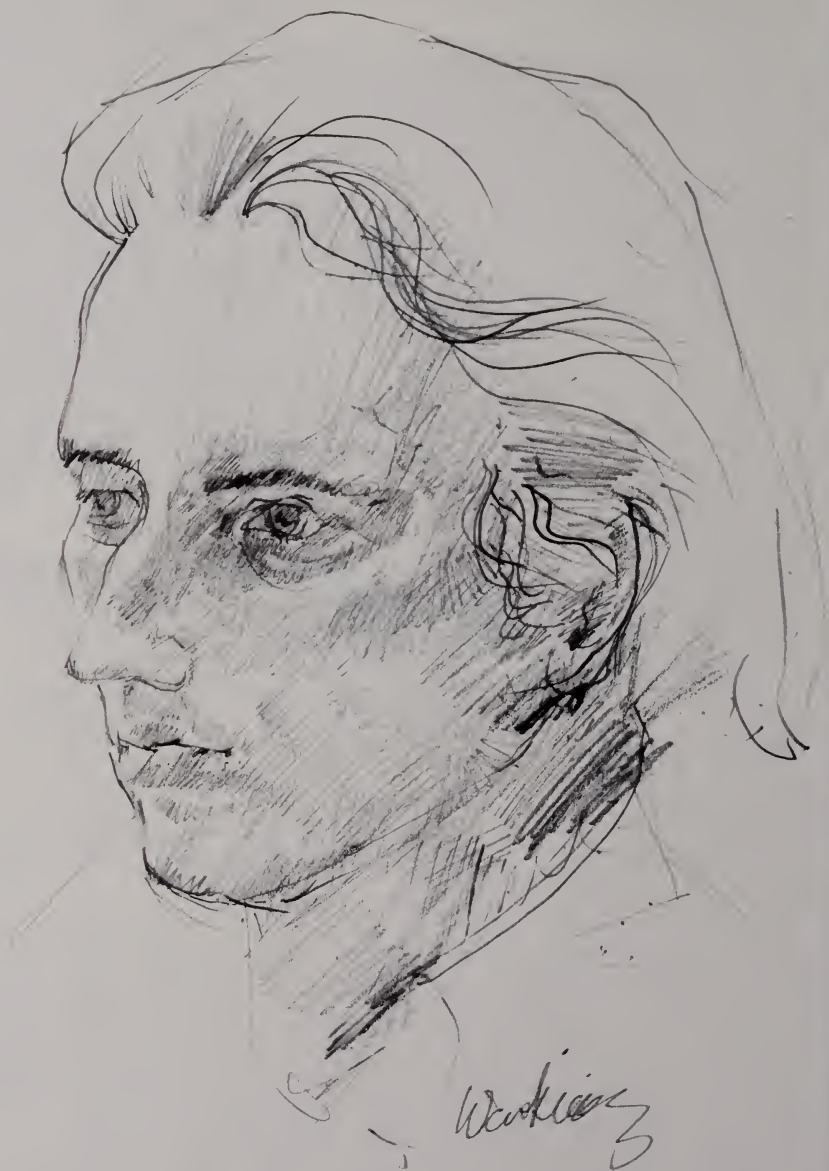
SALON

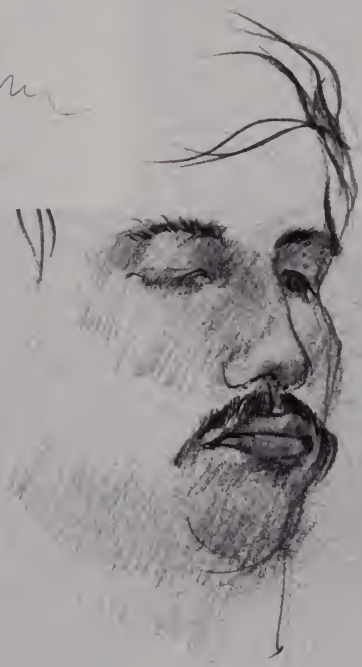
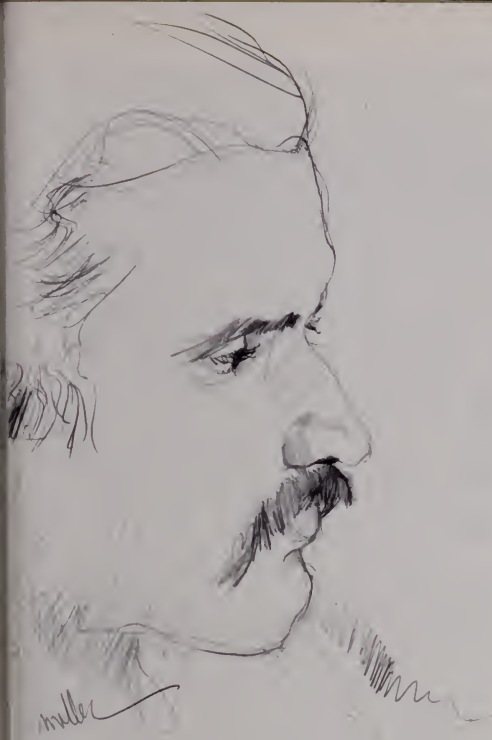


Showcase of the Elegant -

And The Absurd!









He arrived on the afternoon coach.



Some said he was from the country.



hunter thompson

Gene Troutman

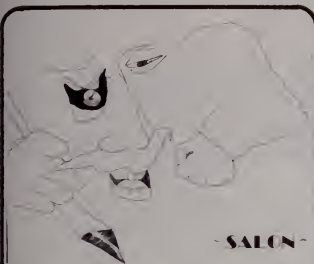


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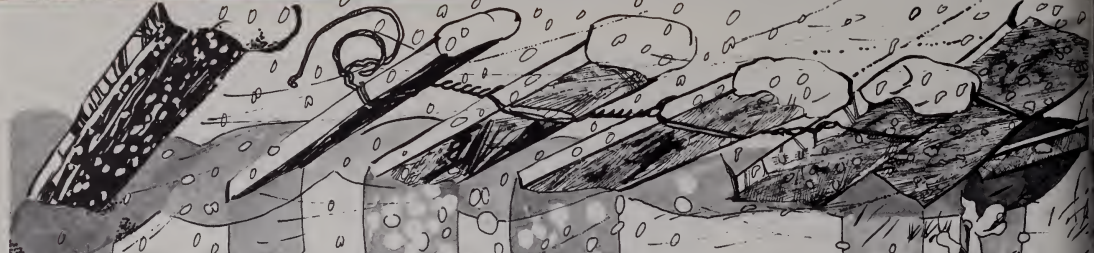




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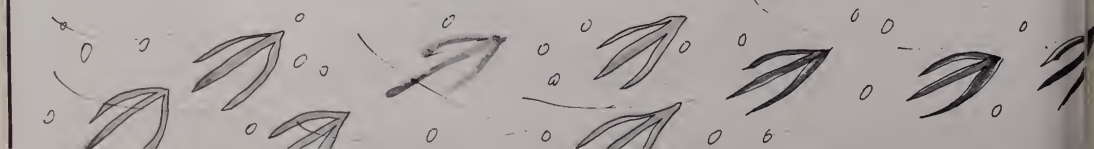
there are few editorial statements in our issue; our appeal is our fair consideration of all. At this point, however, we simply wish to make mention of talent that can never go unnoticed. We open with my front piece (I was, of course, referring to the other work) and then a photo by Garland Gooden, followed by poetry by Kathy Wells. Next is a portfolio of 'quick sketches' by Jim Waskiewicz (who now tours the country doing caricatures at carnivals while he plans his own art school). After some ink drawings from an unfinished collection is Gene Troutman's serigraph, two beautiful pencil renderings by Jack Blake, and this page, with two drawings by Allen Wendt (left), Jan Rowe's woodcut (right) and a lithograph by Dan Brown, who also did our back cover...





ATE, along my path, I cursed the cold. My breath shot out hot to be captured by tiny crystals that held my words cold. Where were the friends to find me a fire? Warm ale, and strong hands to shake? Where was the union?... a gathering of red-faced men and a couple of hounds curled like pretzels to the fire. And I remembered... there were women there in wool suits working the dough of the town gossip. Harmless enough. And all through that assembly there was good humor, glad hearts, soft clicks and rustles and laughter-brows twisted in a listening fashion while hands and arms dived in descriptions of tall tales. No cares nor woes — no past nor future. Warm trails of smoke like lost spirits wandered pathless from the pipes clutched in the yellowed fingers of those handsome woodsmen. Biscuits, coffee, oranges and tart relishes from spring gatherings sat on a rough plank table in the center of the room where the neighbors rested... And my memories spied on that union, because I knew that settling long ago and had once belonged there to feel it. Therefore I knew what was taking place tonight. And I knew the trend of things — how the men looked, how the women laughed, how the child curled to her father's lap, how the house seemed to rock, sleepy and satisfied like a shepherd, to a harp and a full belly — peaceful for the time being (and even though there were no musicians present nor music machines, there was song in every corner of the small square room. Then men would get their curly-haired women by the shoulders, saying good goodbyes and usher them to the nest of their homes. Each pair would take the shoulders of the other and share the night in soft silence in swirls of sheets and heavy quilts to warm their feet.)

And I walked, thinking and cursing my luck and my time. Little did I



know of fate and the stars that govern me. But a promise was made
that held me alive and guaranteed me my senses & capabilities. For as
I hurried through the night a wind blew a moon over the forest and
town. Rolling & thundering, it came for all to be silent. The promise came as
the moon exploded into powder works colder than fire! Tons of snow
stars fell and rested on every object below. Whiteness emptied earthly colors.
All rich browns and reds and dark winter greens were lost.

Nothing was rich in the pure poverty of snowstars. Snow stars.

Moon stars. Cold delicacies, as fragile as given life, exploded

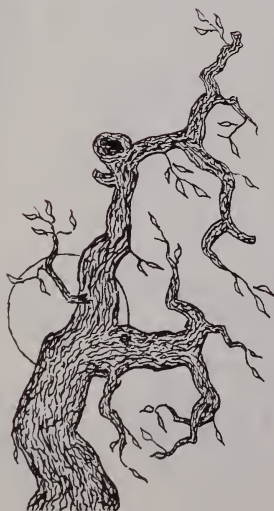
from the winter moon. And while millions of tiny saints cru-
saded through the sky, life became solemn and rested under the rule of
snow soldiers. A truce between clashing colors. Bright ones
quieted and bowed to peace while dullness rejoiced to adorn the
sparkles of white snow stars.

For one moment I saw natural equality and purity in all that
surrounded me. I reflected my face in a snow star. The promise of
an ice age within myself and all other things was to pass and
cycle through the universe, leeching impurities and beauty. Some,
perhaps only a short time, to give neutrality to dualism.

Snow stars come like saviors and all things responded to the peace.
Tomorrow their light will die and from their death colors will grow. Tonight
I will hurry home and tomorrow I will join around friends and wives
to rejoice in rich quiet colors. From the crack in time,
the midpoint in a pendulum swing, and from the snow
stars, all things will meet in whiteness for a while.

SNOW STARS

by Gay Edwards.



Martha does not live any longer
in her small blue rooms
She no longer stands at the sunny window
beside the lace curtains
removing slowly, delicately her blouse
for me to put my face inside her heart

It is not so much that she is gone
it saddens me
to know her colored walls
still hold our deep silences
the ceiling casts her face upon the pillow
trembling in our private throes

the smell of us remains, our lovely sweat
our dust collects upon the noon-bright sill
until the new tenant, deaf to our belongings
wipes us off with her efficient cloth

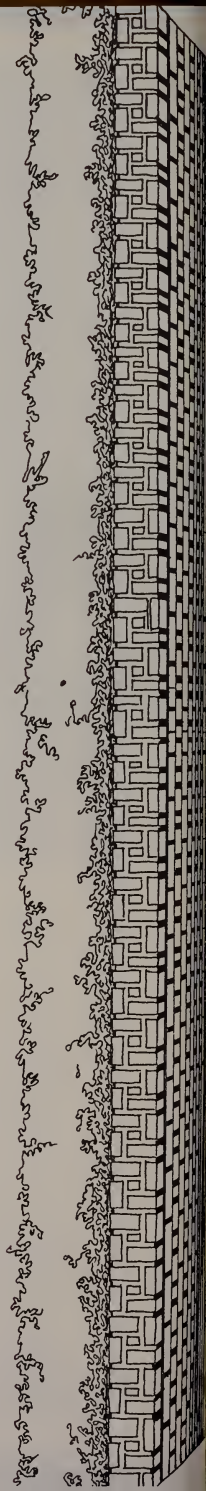
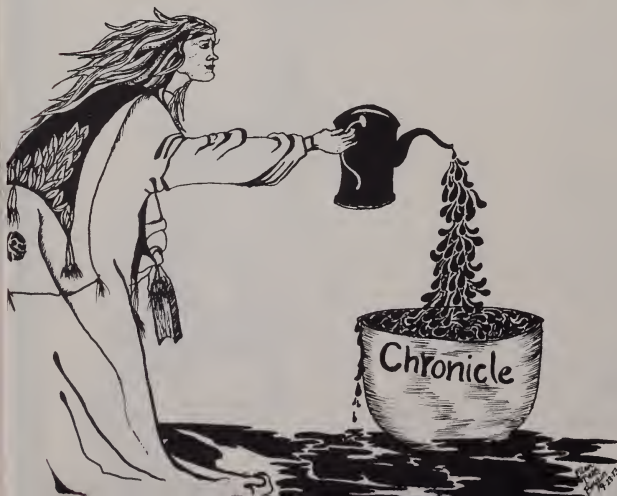
Garland Gooden



these two ink drawings by Ellen Boykin end our 'salon' section; page 77's 'saloon' features an entirely different type of material. In the pages you have just seen we have exhibited a diverse selection of the finest work we had to choose from. You will notice a few examples of my own work (pages 61 and 66) displayed. I am quite honored and feel very privileged to see my efforts surrounded by work like Waskiewicz's and I hope you will feel they are not misplaced.

also, on page 71, is a small drawing by Miller Ingram. Miller gave us a number of these pictures to use as fillers. They are, of course, not 'fillers' by any means and I can only wish we'd had space to use more of them. Pages 72 and 73 are devoted to Gay Edwards' beautiful 'Snowstars'; all that can be added to it is the suggestion that it be read a couple of times. On the pages preceding this one, we have juxtaposed Anna Hornkohl's drawing with a Bill Ellis photograph. Garland's poem only compliments the arrangement.

-Tom Johnson/74





FOOTBALL

Your leg is broken
Your ankle sprain
Football is a fun game.

Your neck is cracked
Your knee is lame
Football is a fun game.

A muscle spasm in your back
You can't walk the same
Football is a fun game.

A pretty bruise upon your head
You know not from whence you came
Football is a fun game
Fun, Fun, Fun

Kelly Smith

DAMN

In this time of energy crises
We who have copious needs
Are continuing to express our greed
We gripe; we groan; we growl a lot
Yet will we heed

The current need

Damn prices

Damn traffic

Damn politicians

Damn

Peter Inman Ph6649
9BZ Lever

Men suffer and men cry,
Men fall and men die.
They fight in the hell of a far-off land
For reasons they can't begin to understand
Yet there is no choice,
No matter how strong their voice.
For the first time they feel the fear of death
As they watch a friend take his last breath,
Each one heard that screaming sound
As he tumbled to the blood-soaked ground.

I can only ask why
Do good Americans lie
in agony upon a battlefield
for causes they don't believe are real?
Americans are known throughout history
To fight for what they believe
No matter how intense the misery.
But what American mind can find relief
After killing for a cause in which he doesn't believe?
Men flee the country to avoid the draft
While their fathers and older men laugh,
For they fought in World War II
As a patriotic and courageous crew,
But do they realize that America
Is not committed to today's terror?
This war is not in any sense declared
As it was when our country's integrity was dared,
But yet more men have given their lives
Or been separated from their children and wives.
More men have died in this minor conflict
Than in any major declared war could inflict.
Only thirty this week
The news has reported:
If this is progress
Our minds are distorted.

Promises have been made
To get out of the war,
But it looks as though
More deaths are in store.
Peace can bring happiness,
Peace can bring life.
War has brought loneliness,
War has brought strife.

We must have peace
For many are scared.
They know that their life
Will not be spared.
In the words of God, Let there be "life,"
Without the need for a gun or a knife.
For if Satan can rule the minds of men
They will bring this world to its bloody end!

Eddie Wilson

vietnam haiku

A nine year old kid
runs down the street, napalm-burned.
The scars will be deep.

The following is a representative chapter of a novel by the Spanish master Michaelangelous de Moochimus previously believed to be lost in the archives of European historical letters. Moochimus' reputation rests largely upon four powerful novels and some now obscure poetry collections. His works are obviously autobiographical, as the young Ed and Alan in this selection are really fictional versions of Moochimus and his younger brother, Alphonse, or Moochimus the Minor. The great Moochimus believed that all great work needs to be personal, and when the non-prolific writer did work, he transcribed imaginatively from his own life, surroundings and experiences.

Moochimus has been called the last of the Spanish masters, for no writer from Spain or anywhere else has written on his level since. He studied unsuccessfully in the early twentieth century at Clemson, originally a design student. Leaving the arts after a year of political turmoil when he led an anarchist radical group, he left to travel the world, never to return to his role of aesthetic guidance for fledgling writers and artists. Almost as well known for his politics and graphic art as his writing, Moochimus lost some of his momentum in his later years, toying with other endeavors, deserting previous ones, pursuing a bourgeois lifestyle in direct contrast to his militant stand of earlier years until he eventually disappeared from sight. He turned up again in Spain a few years later as a used car salesman, but the imaginative spark was gone and a great artist vanished with it.

Critics believe Moochimus attempted too much too fast. His aim seems to be a synthesis and definition of the universe (perhaps stemming from a brief interest in Eastern religion and yoga practices). His method was to factually reconstruct events and passages of time by short, spurning paragraphs, fitting together in a manner reminiscent of drama. His relation of incidents, seemingly trifling, have meaning on a universal scope and reflect boldly his great imagination. This passage is an excellent example of Moochimus' style.



MICHAELANGELOUS DE MOOCHIMUS



"Chelo, for God's sake — just once let's not be late!"

She had been able to convince him after much coaxing and pleading and finally he had agreed. Now Chelo was preparing herself for the costume ball. Walter, her husband, hated parties, dinners, and such because he had to attend them so regularly. But Chelo — she thrived on them — new people, interesting talk, and good food. Walter had been reluctant to go, especially to a costume ball, but she had assured him it was to be no big thing — just a last minute sort of affair.

"Just make your own costume and have fun," Chelo explained.

Walter was in the next room, putting on a pair of old sneakers, which along with his blue jeans, referee shirt, and whistle made him look like an official at any high school football game. A tall, mustachioed man in his mid-fifties, he still retained a reserved air about himself, despite his

Continued on page 80



IN LOWEY PARK ON THURSDAY NIGHTS DENNIS McROYN

Cruising seventy knots at 12,000 feet was a thrill, but hovering at 25 feet concealing my presence behind the foliage of the Australian pines which were particular to my home town and neighborhood was an unparalleled delight. Besides, from 25 feet up I didn't have to strain my eyes to take in the sights, nor were there the dangers of treacherous cross currents, being picked up on radar and thus being discovered, or being late for supper which were inherent problems at higher altitudes and valocities.

I must admit that I didn't really know how or why I was able to do it. I mean exactly how it was that I, Benjamin Blakely, was able to fly. I was only thirteen at the time, bright for my age but without any former training in aerodynamics and such. So, you see from a technical standpoint I couldn't justify how I was able to achieve free flight simply by thrusting my body upward and emulating the motions of the Australian crawl or the breaststroke in the air, thus aborting gravity to float freely on the waves I myself created. Anyway, the important thing was being able to do it and fabricating games and excitement with my newly perfected skill. I knew I was peculiar because I didn't know anyone in the neighborhood or anywhere else, with the possible exception of Peter Radley, who could do it, but, of course, I didn't have many friends and couldn't be sure. Besides, I knew that this wasn't the sort of thing a growing boy should divulge in company. People thought I was strange anyway. You know, you can generally tell by the way they act in your presence and even better by the way they look at you, and people could never look me straight in the eyes without laughing. I was cross-eyed. So I kept it to myself. I didn't even tell my parents. All they would have done was punish me for lying.

My neighborhood was a boring place to live during the day with few

Continued on following page

COSTUME BALL *(continued from page 78)*

present attire.

Chelo had finished getting into her black leotards, no easy task for a woman five feet, four inches, one hundred seventy-five pounds, and was now carefully applying blackface to her cheeks. She had decided to go as a Watusi dancer, drawing her inspiration from a native dancing exhibition the United States Embassy had recently staged for Americans in Nairobi. She had been immediately impressed with the grandeur of those tall, austere Africans, the slender bodies pounding and leaping. . . .

"There, that should finish the face. Now if I can just tie these horse-hairs around for my skirt, I'll be ready . . . Ohhh, I don't think I have enough — I'll just have to stretch them out, here, and, uh, here, and here. . . ." It was at this moment that Walter entered the room, impatiently taking a drag from his cigarette. He saw her.

"Goddamn, Chelo — what the hell is that, some sort of clown outfit?"

"Walter, don't you start goddamning me. This is what the Watusi wear and . . ."

"Chelo, for God's sake, this is black Africa. You can't go putting blackface on here. You want to see me run out of the country — behind bars?"

"Oh, you're such a bigot, Walter. You and your America hillbilly ways. They know I don't mean anything. How else can I be a Watusi if I'm not black?"

"Jesus, Chelo, and what the hell is that around those, those leotards — God Almighty — leotards, leotards—!?"

"Don't you start insulting me—"

"Insulting — here you're going to make me look like a horse's ass again and you're worried about being insulted. As long as you're in that clown outfit, I'm not going to any costume ball."



PARK

(continued from page 79)

friends, and parents that tended to be narrowminded and totally redundant in their gripes and life's philosophy. So, I guess that I was lucky to have learned how to fly with the environment such as it was. It seems that it was only when it was dark outside and after a hard day at school and the swimming pool that I could fly. I would just drift around to the side of the house or behind some pine and release. It was such an exhilarating experience both mentally and physically that it would be impossible to stay tired or bored long.

My nocturnal entertainment usually started at sunset and continued until the night sky was fully revealed. This was always just before dinner, and, believe me, it was difficult not getting so enthralled in the act of flying and the

games so as to be late for supper; having to face the consequences of a late arrival was harsh as my parents were strict disciplinarians and prided themselves in that fact. It was a source of constant mental torment being so free as to be able to fly, and yet, not quite free enough to escape the dinner dilemma, but they didn't know. So, I tried to make up for their acute lack of understanding by being cautious and alert. But all the same, I still occasionally found myself late for supper, and inevitably, because of restriction, it would be two to three weeks before I could get out and fly again.

People in the world of my environment revealed themselves candidly in the most brilliant and memorable hues of green, blue, red, and yellow that you can imagine.

Both the way things appeared and sounded were colorful wave phenomena. I couldn't help but laugh everytime I caught my parents in an argument. Father would usually blast Mother initially with a wild flurry of fluid reds, then Mother would retaliate with a volley of sharp, bloody reds; this would go on for some time until Father condescended in pinks and occasionally a yellow, thus showing his true colors.

Peter Radley was the most unusual subject I had ever studied from my perspective in a tree by his bedroom window. Whenever I visited the Radley residence on one of my nightly sojourns, Peter predictedly was involved in deep meditative study on subjects like metaphysics and alchemy of which I know nothing. Anyway, he admitted the most coherent, pure green waves I have ever experienced. Waves similar to Peter's, I



It was at this moment that their youngest son Ed, three years old, came running in from the bathroom. He had been taking a bath with his older brother, Al, seven years old, and was naked and dripping water. "Mama, Mama, something's wrong with Alan, hurry, look. . . ." Al came running in, also naked, also dripping water. "Mom, look, look!" The seven year-old pointed at his groin. He had an erection. "God Damn." Walter turned and walked out of the room.

"Just go put some cold water on it, Alan, and don't worry, it will go away." The two naked youngsters ran back to the but relieved, and Chelo was left alone.

"Perhaps Walter is right. Maybe this is too much. He gets worried about everything, but perhaps something else would be better. I don't worry really have enough horse-hair to make a good skirt, anyway. I'll just wear my Guatemalan dress — Ohhh, that Walter is such a grouch."

Walter, not at all happy with the prospects of an evening of "costume balling" held out, was in a foul mood. He had been pacing back and forth in the next room — chain smoking. By the time Chelo had changed and put the children in bed they were more than half an hour late. The drive to the costume ball passed quickly and in studied silence. Upon arriving, the car was parked and they entered with Chelo promising a lovely evening if Walter would just get in another mood.

"Oh, my God, Chelo, look at these other people. They're all in tuxedos and evening gowns."

"No, Walter, there are some in costumes over there —"

It was true, there were some in costumes; rented affairs that were of the "court of Louis XV" genre and other elaborate outfits, but most of the hundred and fifty couples were in tuxedos and evening gowns. There

Continued on page 84



believe, were the source and stimulation of my ability to fly. Although he was four years my elder, we grew close together for a time much unlike friends.

My favorite games were bogus clairvoyance and gossip. But, these were a little more difficult than hiding Tom Maloney's bicycle atop one of Dr. Fortner's prize citrus trees or dumping sacks of birdshit on Mr. Actin's Cadillac and watching them fume with red when they found out. To get the necessary information for the games involved getting within sight and sound of the victim which meant peering in windows by hovering over roofs, hovering in pines to observe the night life in Lowry Park, etc. The darkness, my choice of cover, and the fact that I got a bird's eye view of their activities guaranteed not only the concealment of my method of collection, but also the success of the game. I must admit, it caused quite a stir in school when Jane Sue Lang received an anonymous note

to the effect that Tom Maloney, her steady, was balling Leslie Reed in Lowry Park on Thursday nights instead of studying geometry with Bob Fortner, and when posters appeared suggesting that Coach Ross stood on the toilet seat yelling 'Geronimo!' while he took a crap. But, the real clincher occurred when I read Niki Watt's fortune and informed her that very shortly she would be leaving our town to live in California with her father. At the time, she laughed, or course, everybody laughed. Two weeks later, when she found out that this was true, Niki and the rest of her friends gave unabiding reverence to my psychic talents.

As a result of the stir created at school by these candid divulgences and my accurate predictions, I increasingly became the object of scrutiny by most fellow students and a few of the faculty. I hadn't bargained for this and decided things were getting too hot to continue in this manner. So, I terminated these two games in-

definitely. But, somehow I felt that even at this, it was too late.

My premonition soon afterward bore itself out. My greene became increasingly pale and started bluing, flying became more difficult with each passing day. I know that it wouldn't be long before all would be lost.

It was at the County Fair exactly twelve days later that I did, in fact, lose totally the ability to fly. While in the House of Mirrors, I found a cryptic note inscribed in the silver of the last mirror as I left. Translated it reads:

It is not a game. It is not a laughing matter.

P. R.

To this day, I don't know exactly what it was that I lost, but I do know that it was real. Just as real as the face of Peter Radley that stares at me nightly through my bedroom window.





Foster "Fosdick" Murphy sat down in the buzzing bus station and thought, "What an ache in the butt. I should motivate." He had come back to Boston to see Catherine after a year and three months, and he was wondering.

He stood and turned eye-to-eye with a brown-haired pasty face. He looked down at the work shirt hung on two miniscule tits, blue jeans, black boots and thought, "This is a woman" several times emphasizing each word in turn.

The woman said, "Hi, I'm Doris. Welcome to Boston. You want to come to my place and smoke some pot?"

"Shure."

TWO

At her place which was tapes-tried, postered and incensed, they played have-you-been-do-you-know. Then after preliminary mashing, slurping and pressing, he thought, "Now where's her bedroom?"

She breathed at him, "Let's slip into bed."

He said, "That sounds like something more comfortable."

On crossing the threshold she was transformed into a car crusher, a suction dredge, and he was hard pressed to remove his wrinkled threads and steamed optics before permanent damage occurred.

A mons pubis forested with a stand of glossy black steel wool, a scourge of piston-powered pumping, scraping, grunting. A discouragement to amour and a man's tumescence.

He thought, "I shall die or live disfigured," but soon discovered he would not, as with a limp expulsion she retired him from the field of

battle. She executed an unsatisfied flop that rattled through the bed-springs, floor and dresser to the mirror, where his bouncing image propped itself. He absently fingered for flesh wounds and finding none, leaned to her.

"A Howard Johnson's close?"

A muffled note rose like a bubble from the blue pillow, "No."

"That's funny, I'd swear I smell-
ed fried clams."

Then putting the finger to his lips as was his want when pondering, he stopped, crossed eyes down, and slipped it up. A sniff and then a smile of wonderment.

He thought, "Just like fried clams. Amazing."

He spoke to back and buttocks, "Mind if I use the facilities?"

The fur ball raised itself and said strategically, "If you can handle it," and settling back, sent a tremor to the image in the mirror.

THREE

Out on the clattering street, Fosdick made his way through the roar to Harvard Square. The people there were charging back and forth and surging around and over everything like 110's plugged into 220's by mistake. He stopped on the traffic island to boost his psychic insulation, and then plunged ahead. Dancing to a side street and rolling into an alley, lady luck stroked him, and he landed in a door frame that proved to be the look-no-further spot.

He thought, "I should have killed that woman."

A knock produced an open door and salutation.

"Jesus Christ. Where've you been, and step right in."

"Just hanging out. Let's smoke some pot."

Gonzo, a nondescript with

blonde hair and bells, rolled, lit and passed. The other occupant, Lonnie, sat and smoked like a dumb black bear. Nothing to say.

Then Gonzo; "Heh man, you been to Howard J.'s?"

Fosdick, sipping air; "What?"

Gonzo; "This joint smells like fried clams. I swear."

Fosdick, choking and swallowing coughs; "No, no."

Gonzo; "No joint of mine ever smelled like fried clams."

"Never mind, never mind. Have a hit."

Lonnie thought for a minute and said, "I heard that the fried clams at Howard Johnson's are a lot of times really squid."

"Oh, come on. Jesus."

Gonzo; "I'm going to put on some music."

In a scant moment the lower strings of some symphony were humming through the room, and eyes were fixed and glassy.

From his couch, Fosdick watched Lonnie in his favorite salvaged chair. As he watched and listened, Lonnie pulled a piece of dried mucus from his nose the exact size, shape and color of a giant slug. Independently, they studied the immobile mass.

Fosdick thought, "Surely a little salt carefully applied would enable a person to determine whether it is a natural metabolic product or, in reality, a giant slug that in some way migrated to Lonnie's nasal passages."

He shivered sympathetically and continued National-Geographically, "If several of these creatures were to occur simultaneously in a human beings breathing passages, rhinal blockage thereby produced could very possible cause death by asphyxiation. In some Eastern countries, the practice of placing these shell-less mollusks in a victim's snout has been a favorite but little-known method of certain fanatical assassins belonging to obscure religious sects."

He watched as Lonnie reached down to the bottom of the chair and firmly pressed the sticky mass to the wood in a space not already occupied by similar (if smaller) concretions and various hard and hardening knots of Dubble Bubble, Wrigley's, Teaberry and Clove.

FOUR

Fosdick said, "I came to see Catherine."

An exchange of glances.

"She's married, you know," said Gonzo.

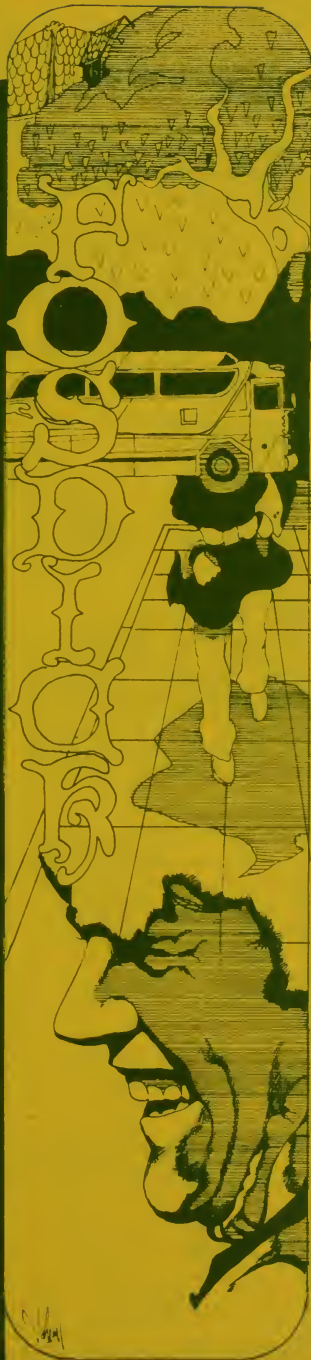
Fosdick swallowed amid aortic seizure and internal convulsion.

Lonnie brightened, "Yeah. She lived with the dude for a week and then made a 'declaration of marriage'. Chatty Cathy always was easy access."

Fosdick thought "I've heard none of this," and said, "Well, I think I'll cruise around. Maybe be back later."

FIVE

The bus station buzzed like a thousand crab claws clacking, and the people sat like snails with eyes retracting at any contact. Black studs hanging out; painted sleazes leaning and pumping back and forth across the tiles; brittle, wispy-haired old men and women; drooling babies in assorted colors screeching, sucking, screeching; learing soldiers' faces prowling clean-shaven; Fosdick waiting for a bus to Newport News with stops in Newark, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and Richmond; and thinking, "I should have killed that woman when I had the chance."



COSTUME BALL

(Continued from page 81)

fiction

stood Walter in his blue jeans. "Christ, Chelo, how could you do this to me, how—?"

"What Walter, there's nothing wrong. I think you look very cute. At least your costume is original."

Ambassador Johnson walked up in his tails. "Walt, how are you? I didn't know you went in for these affairs. Chelo, how are you tonight — beautiful dress you have on. Why don't you both come and join us at our table? They're getting ready to serve dinner."

"Thank you, Mr. Ambassador. Chelo steered me wrong about this affair. Her version was just a simple do-it-yourself costume party."

"Well, don't worry. Who knows, you might win a prize."

Walter and Chelo sat down for dinner — he not camouflaging his anger and embarrassment and Chelo, oblivious to it. The menu had been passed around. Chelo, conscious of herself for the time being, ordered only cottage cheese. "I'm on a diet," she explained. Walter nodded, grudgingly but approvingly.

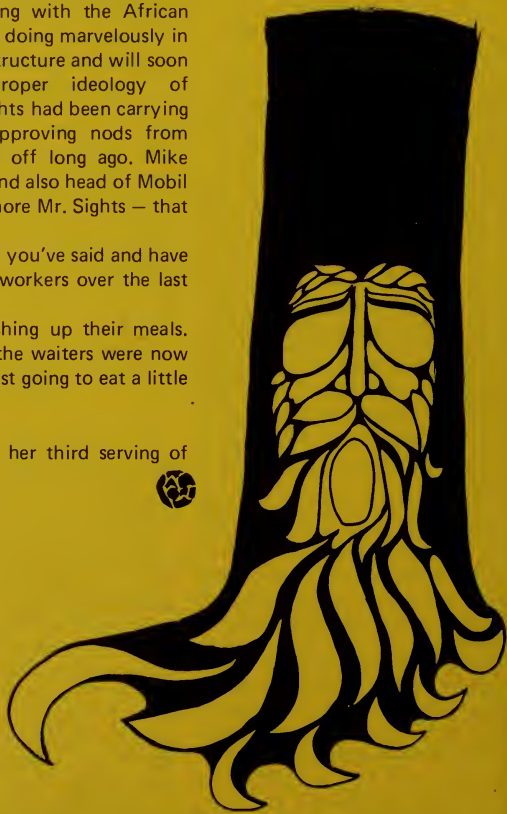
The dinner passed uneventfully. There was one exchange between an AFL-CIO organizer and the head of Mobil Oil that proved interesting. Randolph Sights, the labor union man, a graduate of Harvard '62, was proclaiming the wondrous advances he was making with the African laborers. "Humph, you know the native workers are doing marvelously in picking up the complexities of interorganizational structure and will soon have incorporated the development of a proper ideology of interdependence and faith so necessary for . . ." Sights had been carrying on in this vein most of the dinner, winning approving nods from Ambassador Johnson. Walter had shut off Sights off long ago. Mike Aghdalo, a short, dark Lebanese of decisive nature and also head of Mobil Oil, Africa, had been sitting at the table trying to ignore Mr. Sights — that is until he could stand it no longer.

"Excuse me, Mr. Sights. I've been listening to all you've said and have been comparing it to my experiences with African workers over the last thirty years — frankly, you're full of shit."

Everyone promptly became engrossed in finishing up their meals. Chelo had diligently eaten her cottage cheese and the waiters were now serving dessert. "Ohhh, baked Alaska, Walter, I'm just going to eat a little — waiter, I'll have some, please."

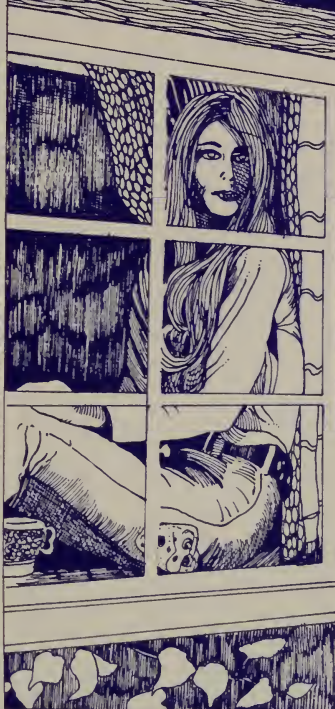
"Chelo, Christ!"

Twenty minutes later, Chelo was working on her third serving of Baked Alaska.





LEFT
OVERS
SORT
OF...



EVER WISH YOU WERE BACK
in
HIGH SCHOOL?

well, *WHEEL*
on out to...

**MACK'S
DRIVE-IN**

for

The best **BURGERS**
around, at the

BEST PRICES!

GROOVE ON

**MACK'S SPECIAL
ICE TEA!**

BURN ON OUT
TO GRAB SOME FRIES
AFTER YOUR NEXT
BASEBALL GAME!



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FIRST PACKAGE STORE IN CLEMSON

COMPLETE LINE OF QUALITY LIQUORS,
IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC

ON THE LEFT
3/4 OF A MILE FROM COLLEGE AVENUE
TOWARD GREENVILLE ON 123 BY-PASS

CLEMSON, SOUTH CAROLINA



A YODELING AFFAIR

By GENE TROUTMAN

No urinal, but a sink, filled with lobe shaped iron stains, hung on the wall, as did the machines. On the floor, aside from the grease-like dirt, the green scum, and the cracks, more like holes in the floor, sat a toilet with its porcelain top long fractured, half of it missing, its bulb in the tank never quite floating to the top, and then its seat with all the paint eaten off by acid-like piss when not being rubbed by the many bare buttocks that took a rest there. The only things in the bathroom that were shiny rather than dull were the knobs on the machines. There were four knobs and four machines. There under the roof of Hollars Garage, they offered the only selection in Speedwell but the biggest variety in Wythe County. There was a bent tire tool lying across the top of the last machine in the corner.

Even when nobody was splashing a P in the olive colored, fungus-fur lined toilet bowl, the contraption of plumbing made a hissing sound. Henry Kytle stood outside the bathroom still trying to unhang his flannel shirt tail from the zipper of his greasy dungarees. Uncaught and walking away again he felt harassed by the kind of task that was so routine it seemed a waste of time to perform. Jerking a flannel thread from a tooth on his fly only took a second, but to him it seemed like minutes or even years. Everything getting the best of him, his brow wrinkled up like a squeezed leaf, the veins in his temple popping out in knots. Flinging his neck, then wiping his dark hair back with a gritty hand, he smeared the engine oil of his work hand in with the oil of his forehead. For him, one had to stop to pull a rag out of the pocket. So he did, and with the handkerchief smeared the oils together more evenly, meaning only to wipe them off. Kytle's defense against encroaching headaches was to stop, just stop everything he was sup-

posed to be doing, and while stopped to do something completely at his mercy like tying his shoes. He was always bent over tying his shoes. Usually you saw more of his ass and bent back than you did his face. In the shoe-tie position he looked like a fifty gallon drum sculptured by sledge hammers, propped up on one end by log-like legs that were really out of proportion to the drum. Tying his shoe, he yelled over to Hoyt Nadine. His yell sounding like it came from a drum.

"Hoyt," he said, "when you going to fix that blessed, singing commode?"

"First things first," came part of the answer in the same hollow muffled tone out from beneath the jaws of a real steele cave as Hoyt Nadine stood bent, half concealed in the cavity under the upraised hood of an old car. Leaning into it, his boot tips barely touched the floor, and as he supported himself on the car's edge, his hips wiggled like a circus performer gone to the waist, too far, into the lion's yawn. Nadine gurgled out the last fragment of his answer from the side of his mouth framed by tight lips painted in the never-dry brown-black saliva of chewing tobacco. He about lost his wad, his head being below the rest of him.

"Can't hear you," said Henry.

"Hoddamn, what'che want. First things first. The rubber machine, cut-off saw, and then the commode, you see," he said.

Picking his feet off the floor, Hoyt gave his legs a kick in the air and his arms a shove to get out of the car. His manner of jumping to the floor was quick but like slow motion.

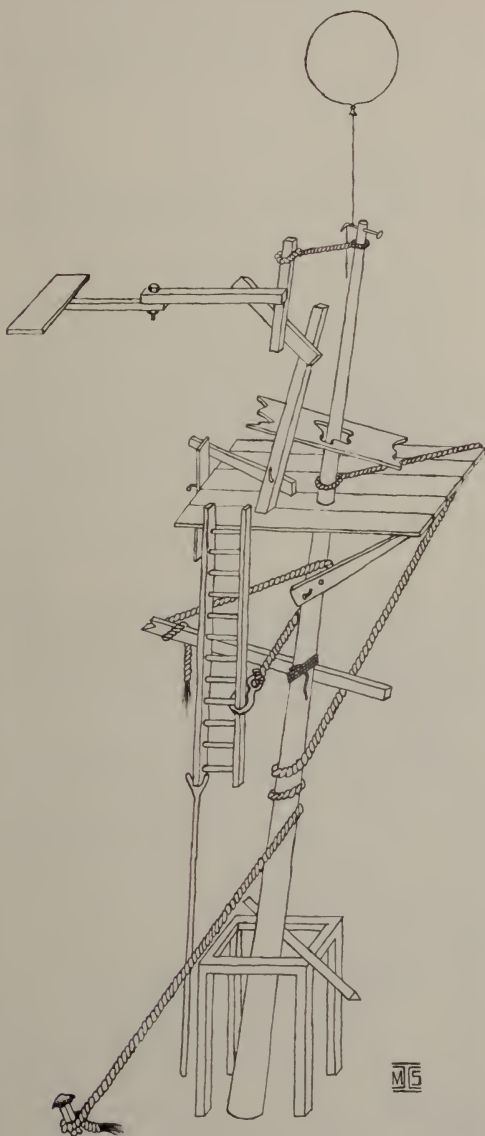
Hoyt Nadine stood in the middle of the garage, flanked on both sides by vehicles like cars but mostly trucks. There wasn't a car in the place without its hood up, unless, of course, it didn't have a hood in which case it usually didn't have a

body at all but had been transformed into a timber cut-off saw.

Hoyt faced Henry who came closer thinking his boss was attentive, but Hoyt was looking past him to the door where he was tuned to the noise of a motor being gunned. Even knowing the noise should not have been there, Hoyt leaned toward it curious, placing his hands on his hips at the same time to push his stomach out and pull his shoulders in to stretch his back. Henry, not knowing and pacified by the response, watched with surprise not really expecting anymore of an answer. Moving out of line of Hoyt's look. Henry realized, as half suspected, that the look wasn't for him; still to satisfy himself, he offered his stock retort of "Well, just wondering." Dropping his eyes, Henry squinted at his hands as he folded his handkerchief and waited. Hoyt did change his glance to the remark but let it linger and started outside. Henry breathed deep, stuck the handkerchief in his pocket, and followed like a hound; he wasn't so faithful, but was, in his own estimation, doing his work.

Henry's wife estimated different, though he wasn't any help as a husband like a real friend, her skinny body liked to have him and what she called romance around on Saturdays. She had a lot of little Kytles; like their pa, they called their ma Flowerhead. Henry had started it all by nicknaming Roselee after her flower patterned bonnets which she made from her empty flour sacks. She didn't mind that or much else. Henry still had to tell her something good to get away. He told her that he was building the family a car in his spare time down at the garage.

Flowerhead earnestly made showings of appreciation to her husband for the way he made their house look special. One year Henry took forty-five bald tires and cut them in half so he had ninety



semi-circles. After getting half a drum of yellow road paint from Pluck down at the highway maintenance department, he painted a third of them yellow, left a third of them black, and covered the last third with whitewash. Alternating the colors, he buried the ends of the semi-circles in the ground lining both sides of the path leading up to his front door. He left about four inches in between each upright tire. The finished design looked like a partly buried rib-cage, but he hadn't intended any special motif, just something for the house. Later when Henry found out the highway department had some witch hat highway markers to get rid of, he picked up a couple of them that only had their bases crushed off. Some were solid yellow, but he got two with the black rings around the top. For the finishing touch, he buried the cones at the end of the walk, one on each side. Aside from looking better, this put a stop to the dogs crawling through the tires like a tunnel and tearing them up.

The project as a whole was the beginning of the earnest showings.

"Thankyou, thankyou Henry. You're wonderful. I love you so much," was Roselee.

"Well, it ain't nothing signufucunt, you sweet little Flowerhead. It makes the house look pretty, but nothing is pretty as you. You just darling."

Red as a valley apple, Roselee as always didn't know what to say. "Henry," she said, "you make me feel so good. I just don't think you can ever do something that good again. That is the most. Our place is the place." Flowerhead, maybe, expected Henry to start beautifying everything about the place, and generally fixing things up. But all the buckets stayed stacked against the house, all the unburnable garbage stayed stacked up in back, all the lumber scraps stayed scattered in the way, and the chicken coups continued to rot and the present chicken coup continued to fall down, and the chickens continued to get out and leave for another yard.

For Henry fixing and cleaning
(Continued on page 92)

FRITZ:

That's going to be a lot of work.

STAN:

I've got time.

FRITZ: (after a long pause)

Stan, why don't you give up. It's not so bad after the shot. You just stop worrying about things.

STAN:

Then why are you so worried about me?

FRITZ:

Who's worried? I just think you're being foolish.

Fritz walks to other side of room and sits down. Stan stares at paper for a few minutes. During this time a blue spotlight is on Fritz and a white spotlight is on Stan. There is a long pause during which the spot on Stan gradually fades to blue and his expression goes from one of annoyance to one of indifference. By the end of the scene both spots are an even darker blue.

STAN: (after a long pause)

This plot really isn't so bad, y'know?

FRITZ: No.

STAN:

It just needs a good first line. (Pause) Anything will do really.

FRITZ:

Sure.

STAN:

What's it like, this shot?

FRITZ:

'bout like any shot, I guess—don't hurt.

Pause.

STAN:

I can't understand why I was so worried about that play.

FRITZ:

Ummm.

Long pause.

STAN:

Maybe I will go get that shot.

FRITZ:

Ummm.

Long pause.

STAN:

Tomorrow.

Total apathy.

Chorus comes on stage. They mill about, unable to form an orderly group. They seem to hesitate to begin. The chorus leader is reprimanded by the members, although half-heartedly. He steps forward and begins, others join him at random as the lines progress.

Chorus leader alone:

STROPHE:

How can a man ever hope to endure?
We see it now

He hesitates and looks behind him for guidance—a whisper.

CHORUS LEADER:

Somewhat belated.
Sterility they say's the only cure.
The vaccine/virus has mutated.

Some of the members of the Chorus say 'vaccine' and some say 'virus'. There is a quick discussion.

ALL:

Virulent, merciless, contagion spreading quickly.
And with it all comes apathy, I think, but very
Thickly.

Second Chorus enters.



ANTISTROPHE:

Once again we find you here on stage
Chanting out your wretched doggerel.
When even now our sterile doctors wage
To save mankind and once more make us well.
And so desist I say with rotten verse.
It's bad but very likely could be worse.

SCENE 4

General apathy.

Four or five simultaneous scenes of general apathy played in slow motion: after chorus finishes speaking they take positions on stage as following:

One assumes the position of someone who has been watching television for several hours. One sits down, takes glass of water and drinks slowly, indifferently. One sits on toilet, elbows on knees, chin in hands. One sits down, picks up guitar, tries to pick out a tune. He cannot find the tune and puts down the guitar, sits there. Man in track suit enters from wings, running in slow motion, he circles stage three times, then sits and doesn't move.

It is vitally important to this scene that things be given the impression of slow motion.

SCENE 5

chorus enters.

STROPHE:

For forty years we've faced this curse.
To us, not one child has been born.
Civilization goes from bad to worse.
Our cities are fallen and our nations are torn.
All of science's efforts have proved futile.
And our greatest scientists are senile.

Enter: second chorus.

ANTISTROPHE:

Why are you still so pessimistic?
Science has not surrendered while you cringe.
Your wallings are purely masochistic.
The answer lies in some unknown syringe.
Science will yet fulfill our great need.
Once more, get off and let the play proceed.

Stage is dark. Spotlight picks out two old men. As they walk along the stage "scientists" are picked out of the shadows by spotlights. One of the two men carries a clipboard. He stops in front of a desk and picks up a test-tube containing a grayish-green liquid.

DR. WELLS:

We had great hopes for this one. It almost

worked. It produced an organism, but it died in the early foetal stages. I'll take you around the laboratory so you can see some of the projects we are working on. This is Doctor Verne. Doctor Verne has done some very good work with external devices. Excuse me, Doctor Verne, but would you mind explaining your latest project to Dr. Marston here?

Dr. Verne is an old man with a long beard pointing in three directions.

DR. VERNE:

Certainly, Dr. Wells. Just step over to this diagram here, sonny. Here we have the Verne Pressure Chamber. The procedure is very simple. The subject is placed inside, strapped to this table. The cylinder is then totally submerged in water and an X-ray beam is played across the entire length of the apparatus. These three pumps remove the air at a rate of 40 cubic feet per minute. The length of the cylinder, from end to end, is exactly 70 meters, of 228.9 feet, and the maximum breadth of the beam is eight meters, or 26.16 feet. So you see, it isn't quite built in the ratio of ten to one...but its lines are sufficiently long and its curve sufficiently gradual for it to cut the water smoothly and easily.

These two measurements will enable you, by means of a single calculation, to work out the surface area and volume of air that must be pumped out. Its area is 1,011.45 square meters; its volume is 1,500.2 cubic meters; which means that when entirely submerged it displaces 1500 cubic meters, or 1500 metric tons. This method works very well, the virus cannot live in a vacuum. Unfortunately, we have not yet found a subject who could live in a vacuum either. Aside from that there is a somewhat prohibitive cost of \$2,347,256 and 49.3 cents per subject and every time we dunk the cylinder we flood the lab. Lost three of our best technicians last time. Drowned, poor boys.

DR. WELLS:

Yes, well. Follow me, please, Dr. Marston.

They cross the stage. The spotlight on Dr. Lewis brightens. He stands before a row of colored charts, Dressed in a smoking jacket, pipe in hand.

DR. WELLS:

Dr. Lewis, this is Mr. Marston from the PCB. Could you spare the time for some explanations of your work?

DR. LEWIS:

Yes, of course.



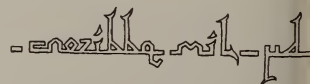
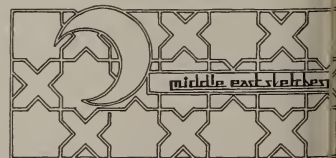
ROMAN THEATRE

SIDE, TURKEY

Once when I was in the Navy our ship visited the land mass of Saudi Arabia. Among the strange unknown ports was one named Dubai Trucial States. This city was the capital of one of the Trucial States on The Persian Gulf a Gulf between Iran and Saudi Arabia. As mentioned previously this city of Dubai was rather strange for it was situated on a projection of land that was all barren desert thus there appeared no visible means of life support. Upon entering The Hotel Metropole I inquired as to the major industry or main occupation of the inhabitants only to be told that there were no industries or natural resources in the immediate area. I was astounded yet the greater shock came later when I was talking to the Humble Oil representative. He informed me that the populace was growing very wealthy through its devotion to the smuggling trade. He pointed out some old worn weather-beaten boats that resembled Oriental junks and after I had nodded my acknowledgement he explained that these outwardly fragile hulls contained shining Rolls Royce engines beneath their rude coverings. He remarked quite matter of factly as we toured town in an immaculate Mercedes sedan that Dubai was the second largest exporter of fine watches in the world. This fact in itself is not so startling until one learns that Dubai indeed the entire land mass of Saudi Arabia produces no watches.

Next time another exciting tale of the mysterious Middle East will be unraveled if they are found.

The Sheik of Arabiy



illustrations by
JOE YOUNG

Once, upon embarking on a voyage to the mysterious Middle East I began to recall the words of prophecy that had been issued by an old acquaintance. The fearful warning still echoed in my ears as the boat rounded The Horn causing me to refabricate in my mental viewer hideous projections of "salty dog" sea tales. Running the gamut of strange weird varications my personal fears seemed founded in an insidious revelation I had overheard while involved in a barroom card game in Madagascar some two months hence. Specifically the rumor concerned a certain uninhabited island that our cruise was supposed to take in as a port of call. Sinister forebodings began to become apparent, and the crew including myself amused ourselves to keep the damp fear at bay. The Straits of Mozambique were successfully negotiated and the tip of Madagascar was but a memory as it faded into a watery oblivion. The pilot turned his wheel to the northwest and I found myself once again in land of shrouded peoples and harems bulging with beckoning beauties. In the weeks prior to our entry into this realm I had let the pieces of the previously spun tale sift through my mind and had organized some defense against its logicity. Now the forewarnings and predictions evolved into an uneasy reality that threatened to drive me into a semicomatose drug-induced stupor and I resisted the nightly phantasmagorical visions which began to occur with ever-increasing frequency. Merely a worthless prelude you may be inclined to say but I insist that the mood which caused my unstable fear be described so thay my mental condition can be viewed objectively. Enough of this malarkey; for it is time to reveal the hideous secret shared by none save the captain and myself. It was simply this the prediction given so long ago was that I should encounter seventeen strange cats on a deserted isle in The Persian Gulf during the period when the Sun is in Libra and when it is noon on "the line" — a time so appointed by ancient Napalese Lamas. The weird occurances had forewarned me of my strange fate for I had seen St. Elmo's fire dance on the mast and had heard the Banschee's wail. To the landlubber these phantasms would appear meaningless or at least indefinable but to a seasoned sailor they represent a definite fate a fate that renders useless any attempt at avoidance.

When the appointed time had arrived I stepped unerringly yet not without bone-chilling fear onto the island called Massirah al Bar after the famous 12th century sheik of that name. I know yet I did not know what to expect when I debarked since I had only been told of meeting the seventeen cats without a word as to what I was to do with or to them. Lurking behind a homogeneous rock that was red-colored and exuded a strange liquid that resembled amber was the first of many cats—emaciated creatures ravenous for tasty flesh. After making a futile attempt at friendship I realized my horrid fate. I was to fight the leader of these fearless frothy felines and it had been fated as in the time of Sophocles that the winner of our seemingly inconsequential battle would decide the future of life as we know it. The fight it seems was a pairing of surrogates and the two selectees would fight to the death for the right of their respective genus to rule the Earth. As the full protent of this awareness dawned upon me I became more and more

determined to give my best Boy Scout try for the genus of Homo Sapiens yet something indescribable tugged continuously at my subconscious forcing me to forget my heroic aspirations. Slowly I realized what the cause of my tremendous anxiety was it was the beguiling catatonic stare of a beautiful Female of the feline group. My eyes became transfixed and I endeavored to break the visual hold for I realized that Mankind's fate hung in the balance. Her eyes gleamed and whirled as if two marbles in oil and the trance became stronger and stronger until I knew there would be no escape. The appointed time for the surrogate match came and went and I could do nothing except cry internal heavy tears as I continued to stare into the whirling hypnotizing gaze of the tigress. After a lifetime of preparation for the fatal match it had slipped by me while I watched helplessly transfixed and now there was no alternative. I turned slowly and walked toward my new throne—
Felinius Rexis.



YODELING AFFAIR *(Continued from page 87)*

was against building. Building was more important. The routine kind of stuff was forgotten. When Henry did a job it was to build something, and everything he built had to be better than the last thing he built. It was a long time before he felt he had something good enough to beat his walk. Every time Flowerhead said something about how good the last project was, Henry had to think a little longer. She thought she was making Henry feel good and like a man with her idolizing comments, but she only drove him farther away into aloofness.

Every visitor that came to the door was met by Roselee saying,

Hello, Henry did that. Ain't it wonderful." Howl Causey must have heard it a million times. Henry heard it more than that. He thought fixing and the routine kind of thing was not what she wanted, but it was. In front of the visitors to Roselee, Henry would say, "Well, it aint that much; I'll do it again for you Flowerhead. You just hold on a pretty bit."

Soon it was a burden that brought the knots out on Henry's temple to stay around the house. After all, he had a name to live up to, and he wasn't ready for it yet. Howl Causey made him ready, but he aggravated Henry by moving first. He didn't mean to.

Howl could weld when he was nine, learning so amply to steady a rod that by the time of sixteen he could patch a muffler with a hot coathanger. The molten beads he strung into solid webs were patches stronger than the corroded metals he joined. His dad wouldn't let him forget it, saying, "Boy you just wasting the rod." But Howl would keep it burning knowing like his father, the best welder himself down at the highway maintenance department, that his touch of just the right distance from his work couldn't be denied.

Howl was always over at Henry's house to visit. Even though the house wasn't even a quarter of a mile down and over the road from the Causey house, Howl had his

driver's license so he would drive. The way to get Anpon, thirteen and the Kytle's oldest daughter, out of the house was through her ma. Anpon was straight as a board, skinnier than her ma, but Roselee Kytle was a better valley prize than her daughter. Howl knew Mrs. Rose, which is what he called her; to him it was a fair compromise in formality. He would smile when he said Mrs. Rose and shake her hand when he greeted her, taking his other hand and holding her elbow like her arm was going to fall off. She would grin in surprise, and he wouldn't let go until she had to walk away at which time he would follow her nodding his head like a foot going to music. With every nod he would let a "UmHum..." roll around in his mouth with his gum, neither one coming out even though his mouth hung open in respectful awe when at the Kytle house. Usually she went outside with Howl in her every footstep. Anpon didn't know what the hell was going on, or who he was there to see. But to Howl it was his way of getting Anpon out of the house.

Howl chewed gum a lot and smoked, holding the Pall Mall cigarette in the middle of his lips like a welding rod fused in a clamp. He didn't talk when he chewed and smoked, but to speak, he stopped the gum, the cigarette taking care of its own ashes and jerking up and down in his mouth. This was if what he had to say didn't need effort. Otherwise his left hand would take the cigarette out and place it long at arms length down by his side, his big thumb flicking the ashes in some rhythm. With the cigarette out of his mouth, he would push his tongue between his lips then retract it quick spitting a grain of tobacco out, making hissing sounds. Where Henry Kytle had tying shoes to his mercy, Howl, still half a boy, had a whole repertory, like Pall Malls, Beechnut sticks, toothpicks, his welding hobby, and his Wildroot cream oil.

When Howl was in the first grade, his father caught him in the

bathroom slicking his hair down with a whole bottle of Wildroot. His dad feels he never washed it all out. But Howl always had a neat part. On top, his hair was long and on the sides it was cut short and smooth like it was all just a cap. His ears stuck out common, unlike the feature of his nose. His nose was sharp and right in the middle of two slightly arched eyebrows, over full green eyes with light lids and short lashes. His mouth was surrounded by his heavy lips which showed only his lower teeth when he smiled. Set against the overall leanness of his egg shaped face of clear skin that covered flat cheeks and a broad forehead, the heartiness of his mouth and lips seemed out of place.

Outside, Mrs. Rose would say, "Look what Henry done; don't you think it's wonderful."

Before saying, "Of course," and adding how it made the house look special, the way the colors were arranged and everything and especially the witch hats at the end, Howl would ask for a light, having maybe a box in his jacket. But he liked to walk back inside behind her to the kitchen where she would naturally strike one, awkwardly remember then light his cigarette. There, too, he could say how the red and yellow cardinals cut out of empty plastic bird seed bags and taped to the wall looked nice and how the kitchen smelled good. Anpon liked birds, but Mrs. Rose had done it.

Anpon wasn't all for niceness. She knew how Howl's breath could polish a bushel of Speedwell fall apples faster than somebody could pick them. She dodged around the talk trying to make sure. Her ma had her scared stiff of what Howl might have down in his pocket.

"Look here," Howl would say, "Henry is good but he is so busy, let me do you something before Anpon and me drive around the mountain. My dad lets me have the car to see you all. Did you know he has one of them yellow trucks the state put in the county? Say, won't be nothing to stack them scraps.

All morning he would take fire-

continued on second page following.

LIGA

(Continued from page 60)

barring his entrance. "You were born for this," a voice inside him seemed to say, "Do what has to be done." Enraged beyond the realm of all known science, Pete Poppadinopolous tore the entire door, frame and all out of the wall—tossing it into the hallway. He shouted: "I SHALL NOT BE DENIED!" a phrase he had picked up from Chris Schenkel. Roaring his displeasure for the universe, Pete entered his living room like a god.

And there before him stood Freddy the Shiv. Freddy was holding a fountain pen.

"YOU!" Pete bellowed.

"Yes, me," Freddy said: "I've come to apologize."



Sex
War
Sports
Fantasy
Life
Love
God
Dope

You
Yesterday
Today
Tomorrow

THE OPEN BOOK
DONE ANYTHING NICE
TO YOUR HEAD LATELY?

ANDERSON-Pruitt Shopping Center 226-4311
GREENVILLE-Bell Tower Mall 235-9651

UNIQUE!

Super Submarines!

French Fried Mushrooms!

KIELBASA Polish Sausage sandwich!

9:00am
BREAKFAST

Danish... Ham & sausage bisc'ts

GOLD NUGGET

OPEN: nine am. to midnite!

YODELING AFFAIR

(continued from page 92)

wood blocks and pile them in equal heaps along the back porch.

Flowerhead would go on so about him in the morning that in the afternoon he wouldn't stop but say, "Listen here, how about lets tossing some of that small stuff that won't burn in the trunk and Anpon and me can go dump it. But, Mrs. Rose you can pick the place." The car wasn't new, but nice. It would take Mrs. Rose all afternoon to pick a place. Howl would stay for supper. Henry staying at the garage was just right for Howl. Roselee, for the most part of the night, pretended to herself that she was doing something other than being flattered. She never foresaw what was supposed to happen. Anpon was bewildered, making sure about Howl while her ma's warnings were still dictated, yet overrun by notes of good favor stretched into gaudy, gratuitous laudations of Howl's grand appearing deeds. Anpon's face turned to a dried pie expression and obliged as a spectator to Howl's romance.

Howl spent a lot of time around the Kytte house. He knew what Mrs. Rose liked and what she wanted. Under every bit of work he did, Howl expected to find his fame, but overall he heard more about Henry than himself. Howl still heard Mrs. Rose, as if by some rule, equate her thanks to him with "Look what Henry done." And Henry, in spite of Howl, hadn't done anything else. He didn't have to. Everything Howl was doing was just making what Henry had done look even more special.

In the odd corners that jutted out along the sides of the house, looking like a toppled over stack of clapboard boxes, with buckets, and wads of torn chicken wire, and broken curved handles that used to be tools, some still were, and rotten burlap, which was sour like the smell of the dirt and even the rails and end piece of an old iron bed sinking into the dirt, but the stuff was now gone. Howl had moved it, except for the burlap and soggy cardboard which was too covered

save a shovel, to the back of the house behind the biggest shed near the pear tree. The pear tree wasn't real tall, but wide and so grown out that all the fruit had to fall off to the ground to get ripe.

Howl left most of the pans and vessels right where they were under the edges of the house between the stacked rock foundation pillars which were every few yards. Picking up scrap from under the house wouldn't show up. Even on the brightest days, the border of light around the inside of the crawl space was shallow, fading into a damp, greenish grey hue in the center before going to the light band showing the yard on the other side of the house. The house wasn't wide but underneath in the crawl space the center seemed deep. Any quick glance under the house would give only the color on the other side, but with a slow look the eyes would fade and reveal the middle. With a long watch, the middle hue would turn darker, outlining silhouettes which would change to colors such as the amber of beer bottles, the brown and white spots of hounds or the silver of tin cans, all scattered in clusters under the house. Though the rubble wasn't much, the color was, but not enough for Howl to crawl on his belly under the house, especially if only Anpon was in the yard. Yet, when he was out there with Mrs. Rose, Howl would occasionally enter the crawl space but then only for a trophy. One was a toilet seat.

Sally, a hound with pups, was under the house. She never lost her sag and had litters regularly; nevertheless, if she had had one every day, Flowerhead would have wanted to see them, trying to count them. This time Howl was there. With Mrs. Rose, Howl stooped over, straining to see Miss Sally. But finally bending more, Howl kneeled down *first*, supporting his hands off the ground by his finger tips and cocking his head sideways almost laying his cheek in the dirt. Mrs. Rose did the same, but without minding her face and hands and the

ground. Her following Howl had him grin at her and relax his snug wide eyes. Yet just as quick as the grin, he turned his stare from her, laxly aiming it under the house as if he was giving it to Sally. Mrs. Rose interrupted Howl's look. She jerked her neck from the ground, and whispered fast, "Wonder how many. It's so dark."

"Maybe eight. Don't know. What's that white thing? Probably more than eight Mrs. Rose. Sally was swoll more than two dogs and a melon. Maybe ten. Mrs. Rose you see that white Rose. Sally was swoll more than two dogs and a melon. Maybe ten. Mrs. Rose you see that white thing, there's two white things," said Howl in a full talk while his gaze narrowed yet remained pert.

With lips still pursed, Flowerhead breathed, "maybe ten!" and said louder, "If it's maybe ten, well I love puppies. Are they white? Sally you know ain't white. What white thing?"

Howl said he would go and count. As he nudged himself into the crawl space under the bottom outside board, he lowered his neck and raised his head like a turtle, but his lanky arms and legs pushed him like a crippled grasshopper. Instead of approaching Sally, he neared the opposite way and reached the toilet seat which was spread on it's hinges. Pressing back in a triangle, he came close to Sally, but not where he could really see the litter. He counted them anyway. Propped on one elbow, and facing Mrs. Rose without looking straight at her, Howl counted out loud on his index finger, raising and dropping his finger on each number. He counted up to nine, decided to quit, and dragged the seat out to Mrs. Rose.

As the last half of him still pushed out from under the house, Mrs. Rose stood up where Howl tried to look up her impossibly long dress, but only got his shin scraped. He waited while she said that it was wonderful having more than eight pups, and then they walked toward the shed behind the house, wondering in conversation. Flowerhead



shifted in thought to where the toilet seat had come from and thanked Howl and thanked him again.

The pile behind the shed was almost symmetrical and arranged in some order. Howl had leaned the end piece of the bed against the wall, stacked the buckets in front of it, laid the chicken wire on top, and had placed the handles and rails either propped on the pile or around the bottom, creating a haphazard perimeter for the heap and an outline to hold in future bootings. With accuracy, he tossed the toilet seat on top. It arched open as it landed on one side of the middle.

He lit a cigarette and stepped back. He picked up a couple of pears and tried to ring them in the oval of the seat. Mrs. Rose strolled around the tree and saw him hit the second throw. Howl felt her

applaud his genuine work by a smile and a pat on the shoulder as she said in a high tone, "Well . . . well, it's so neat," and said lower and more reverantly how Henry was soon going to do something special for the house again.

"Henry says what he done for the walk ain't nothing much compared to hwat he's gona do," claimed Flowerhead. "And well, and you know when he does it'll have this fine straighten'n we done really show," she said.

Howl unwrapped two sticks of gum and offered Mrs. Rose a piece but he chewed them both since she decided on a pear instead. After flicking the papers at the same oval hole, meanwhile working his sharp jaws down and out, he reluctantly agree, "Of course, it sure will. And what we've done is about all there is, but like you say, it sure will make it show up. I just wish there

was more we could do. I'd like to know I was helping Henry. How is his car coming on? I saw at the garage that he has about the main parts.

Looking for another good spot to bite on the pear but not finding one, Mrs. Rose dropped it and said, "Well that's gona be a surprise too, but it ain't for the house."

Howl was nodding his head and trying to find another pear with a good side for Mrs. Rose. "Maybe," he said fast with a smile that didn't even rock his eyes, "I could've put that pile out fron like a monument." But when Flowerhead didn't understand, muchless smile, Howl made a quick laugh like it was funny. With figeting speed he sought to interrupt himself, needing another subject, one that was cautious. Already, he had just picked up any pear and handed it to her meaning for it to be a *savior*

of distraction. Impatiently he had doubts, barely revealed by his smacking gum, about what to say next. Although he had actually been thinking about the pups, he was only concerned with all the tits they had to choose from. Not only did they each have their own tit to nurse, they had a choice. Yet he couldn't break into that subject unless he did it with respect. Perhaps he should make a switch to Anpon and then the pups. Feeling impelled, Howl almost mentioned how he though Anpon was really a nice girl, he could say it was no wonder simply a bloom of a marvelous mother. He thought about bloom and marvelous and wanted to say it.

With the shadows of low afternoon, Flowerhead had turned and inclined her gaze toward the front of the house. From where she leaned against the tree, she could see the last few feet of Henry's walk. Her dusty brown hair, the color the leaves were withering to, fell behind her facing Howl. It wasn't long but tangled and not as soft as her plain blue cotton dress which had fourteen buttons down the front. One was missing. The bustline wasn't low, but the neck was too big, like the sleeveless arms. Her moon white skin seemed soft as a feather.

As Mrs. Rose raised her arms to stretch, Howl forgot the phrase, remembered the pups, and said, "If a hound ever needed tits, it must be Sally. I mean with the pups and everything. You know Mrs. Rose, those puppies have to have their milk."

Flowerhead made a slow pivot to look at Howl, who heard himself only at the same moment. She unknowingly brought him out of his bewilderment as she giggled.

With lightened tone, Howl laughed too and reached for Mrs. Rose's elbow, clapping her higher on her arm than he had ever done before. His hand was slightly on the inside of her limb and nearly against her breast. Not very tenderly, he squeezed and tried to say with good humor, "Wow, feel that muscle. Firm like you're nice and

sweet as a lady." She laughed this time, and said, "Well you're so silly." She pranced a step away from Howl and giggled louder. Howl raced around her and caught her from behind by both arms and said, "Got'che!"

"Now you silly, where you going," she said wiggling her head playing with the fun. In a flash movement, like an accident, Howl cupped her right breast as Flowerhead twisted about. She felt it like a shock but accepted the mistake, and broke away. Satisfied, Howl followed her more slowly and sat down beside her. They were farther back of the shed on a patch of weed grass. He settled awkwardly, smoothing the wrinkles in his pants before she turned to watch. Howl scooted by her side still a couple of feet away. He came closer and numbered the buttons on her dress, tapping his finger and thumb together a few inches away from each one as he counted down. "Fourteen and nine pups, now what'che think of that?" Mrs. Rose leaned back and tugged on her dress to see her buttons. "Sally had thirteen one," she said. Howl placed his hand on her shoulder like she was an old buddy and thought aloud about how the pups must have to put up a bigger scuffle for their milk then. Nothing had to be done and it was too early for Flowerhead to be in the kitchen. She was thinking about supper until she noticed Howl's hand as it slid down and stroked the small of her back twice. She was more aware of the hand than Howl. Following some silence, Mrs. Rose tilted her head in a relaxed manner and ask Howl what he was looking at. Howl took his hand to himself and said nothing while he intently surveyed the pile against the shed. But after a cigarette, Howl began to say how he admired her. Unromantically, yet solemnly, he said, "You know Mrs. Rose I think awfully highly of you and your family. Why I like to think that some day I can have a family as good as yours. You have a mighty big family. How did Henry propose to you?"

Like a genuine pal, Flowerhead

smiled and respectfully patted Howl's shoulder. She tried to exchange the compliments. In a puzzel she looked at the ground, but couldn't actually remember how Henry had proposed or even if he had.

"Well, Mrs. Rose I tell you truthfully I'd court you like an angle in an instant except all I can do is be your friend. I'm proud to be your friend."

"Well me too," said Flowerhead with a blush, I'm pround you're my friend."

Moving timidly to almost bury his head inbetween his knees, and then snapping his shoulders up, Howl said in a daydream voice, "Well like a friend would you let me see your tit. I mean not formal or anything, just like a pup or something. It's just 'cause I respect you and everything. I don't have to touch it. I mean I just want to see it Really, I think you're swell."

Embarassed, but naive enough not to want to embarrass Howl, Mrs. Rose gave a comforting smile and paused to look down at herself. Howl didn't watch directly as she unhooked the buttons to her waist with one hand and kept the dress from dropping open with the other. When she stopped, Howl bent over to the benevolence, gently slipping her hand and one half of the dress to the side. Braless, Howl covered her breast while it became firm and the nipple grew erect under his palm. He massaged it around, looked at it's fullness through his fingers, and then drew his thumb in circles over the wide it. Mrs. Rose watched herself too, and wandered her eyes over Howl's hand. He kissed her on the cheek and ducked straight to kiss her nipple. "Yes mame, I'd propose to you Mrs. Rose," he said. The next kiss was longer. "Good gracious," she said, "You're silly. Whew, it's chilly now listen."

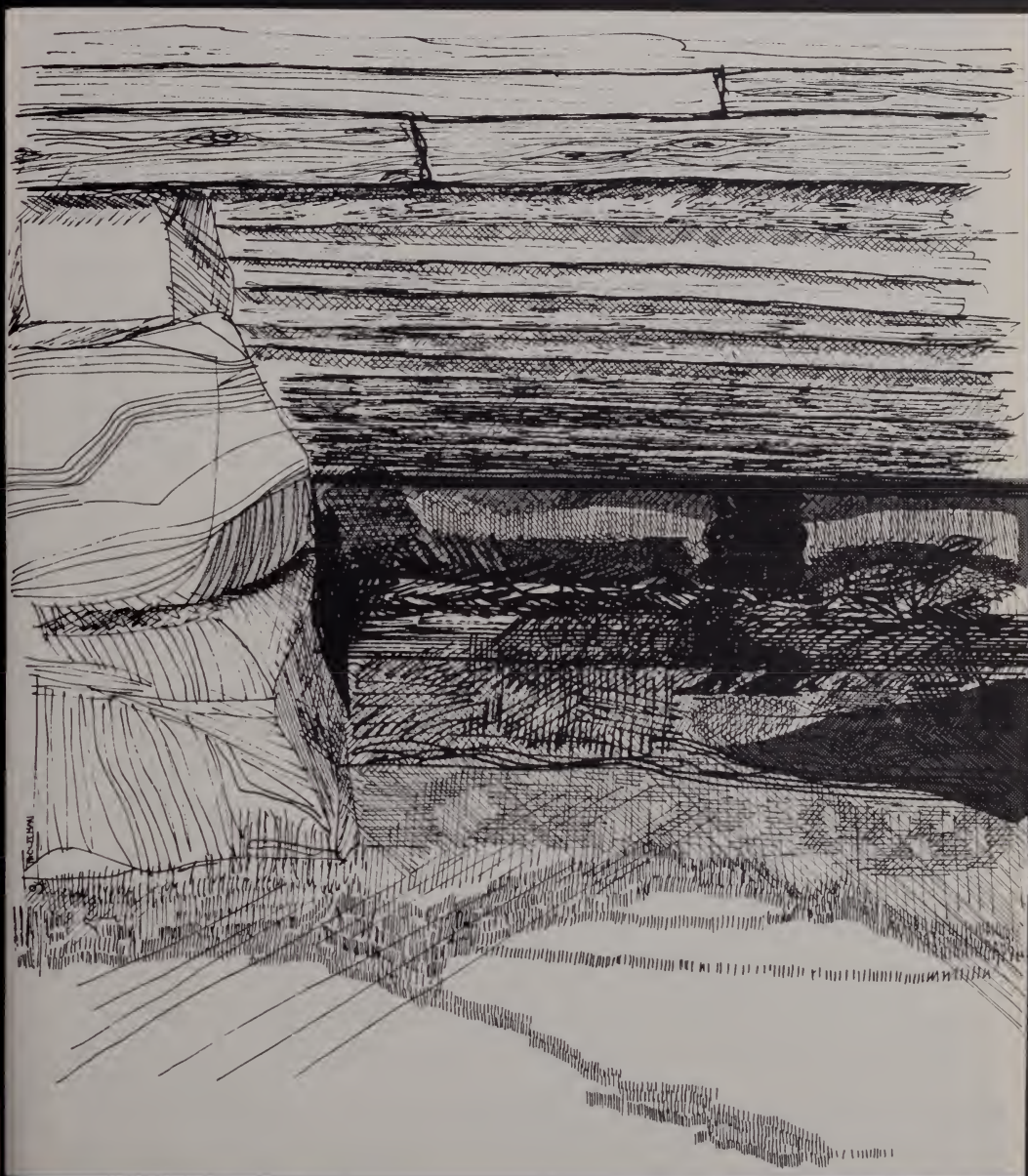
Howl assured her that he had never done that to anybody as she lightly brushed his hands away and nervously buttoned up her dress. Howl jumped up first behind her and managed to help her stand while he cupped both breast. She



lifted and seemed to put her breast back into place before she started toward the back door. Howl could barely contain his excitement as he walked beside her. He didn't say

anything, but ran the last couple of yards to the porch to open the door for Mrs. Rose. All he could think about was the front yard and how to affect Mrs. Rose. He didn't stay

for supper and he didn't show up any of the following week, worried that what he had gained might disappear.





CLAUDIA ↑
SMITH ↓

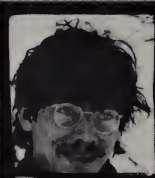


← MILLER
INGRAM

JERRY
GRIGGS →



← BARRIE
DAVIS



GARY LIGHT

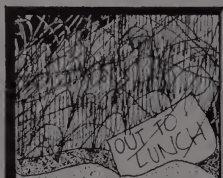


← JOE YOUNG

LEXIS
KIRK



← CAROL WHITE



JAN ROWE

← JACK BLAKE

← MIKE SLOAN

CLAYTON ↑
INGRAM

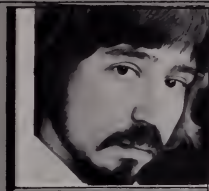
OLGA →
SAVITSKY



BEATTIE
← WOOD

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← GENE
TROUTMAN

GARLAND
GOODEN ↑

↑
TOM
JOHNSON

LONE RANGER

→ and →

TONYO



DR.
SEYOUN
TESFA-MICHAEL

/// SPIRITUAL
/// ADVISOR →



JIM

←

WASKIEWICZ



This, of course, is not a complete gallery of our contributors, nor is it an indication of the amount and manner of their assistance. A few more pictures would not reveal all the people who helped in ways other than letting us publish their material. Layout, criticism, production and moral support are, in their own ways, as important as the other work.

1973-1974 CHRONICLE staff and contributors

Points to chart with his pipe.

Here we have a color chart of RNA Transcription. The "strange upright shapes of whitish green" are actually our plotting of DNA. That boiled squash is really a typical reproductive cell. The "huge bowl of red soapsuds", so "exquisitely beautiful in tint and shape" represents the virus strain. Beyond that, we can offer no explanation other than Oyarsamosis.

Before they proceed further, Dr. Wylie jumps out of the dark into the spotlight. His arms are spread and his frock blooms out behind him, giving the impression that he has flown into the light.

DR. WELLS:

Oh, yes, Dr. Wylie, Mr. Marston. I had thought he was no longer on the staff.

DR. WYLIE:

"The loss of germinating power...is no doubt due to some chemical process, and all chemical processes proceed at slower rates at lower temperatures than they do at higher temperatures. The vital functions are intensified in the ratio of 1:2.5 when the temperature is raised by ten degrees Centigrade." Therefore, if we could freeze all of mankind, the virus would decrease by this same ratio making it possible...

DR. WELLS:

Yes, thank you, Wiley. Thank you very much.

Spotlight shifts and falls on another scientist. He sits in front of a mirror, staring at his reflection.

DR. WELLS:

And this is Dr. Van Vogt, on loan to us from the Semantics Institute. Had any success, Dr. Van Vogt?

DR. VAN VOGT:

No. But, "the negative judgement is the park of mentality."

DR. WELLS:

Brilliant man, Van Vogt.

They come to a man who is facing his shadow. Cap pistol strapped to his waist and trying to outdraw his shadow. Dr. Heinlein.

DR. HEINLEIN:

Yes, what can I do for you?

DR. WELLS:

I was wondering if you would be so kind as to explain your project to Dr. Marston here?

DR. HEINLEIN:

Project? What project?

DR. WELLS:

The project you've been working on for the last forty years, Dr. Heinlein.

DR. HEINLEIN:

Oh, you mean *that* project. Surely. We want "to set up a four-dimensional integrator to integrate from the solid surface of a four-dimensional cam. It would greatly shorten our work if we could do such a thing. The irony of it is that I can describe the thing I want to build, in mathematical symbology, quite nicely. It would do work, which we now have to do with ordinary ball-and-plane integrators and ordinary three-dimensional cams, in one operation whereas the system we use calls for an endless series of operations. It's a little maddening—the theory is so neat and the results are so unsatisfactory."

DR. WELLS:

Thank you very much indeed, Dr. Heinlein.

Dr. Heinlein draws his gun.

DR. HEINLEIN:

Bang, Bang! You're dead!

DR. WELLS:

Come, Dr. Marston. We've saved this next man for last. Our most brilliant scientist. I must say we've really placed most of our hopes on him. Dr. Azimov, would you come here for just a moment?

Dr. Asimov steps forward from the shadows. He is reading two books and writing another. He is balancing a pool cue on the tip of his finger.

DR. ASIMOV:

Yes, what can I do for you?



DR. WELLS:

Dr. Marston here is interested in your project.

DR. ASIMOV:

"There is an old fable, as old perhaps as humanity, for the oldest records containing it are merely copies of other records still older, that might interest you. It runs as follows: "A horse having a wolf as a powerful and dangerous enemy lived in constant fear of his life. Being driven to desperation, it occurred to him to seek a strong ally. Whereupon he approached a man, and offered an alliance, pointing out that the wolf was likewise an enemy of the man. The man accepted the partnership at once and offered to kill the wolf immediately, if his new partner would only cooperate by placing his greater speed at the man's disposal. The horse was willing, and allowed the man to place bridle and saddle upon him. The man mounted, hunted down the wolf, and killed him.

"The horse, joyful and relieved, thanked the man, and said, "Now that our enemy is dead, remove your bridle and saddle and restore my freedom."

"Whereupon the man laughed loudly and replied, 'The hell you say. Giddy-up, Dobbin.' And he applied the spurs with a will."

DR. WELLS:

That's all very nice, Dr. Azimov, but what does it mean?

DR. ASIMOV:

Who knows?(He walks away)

DR. WELLS:

(To Marston)I'm sorry your visit today hasn't been more successful, but it seems that most of our scientists have...

He is interrupted by a man who enters from offstage. The man is followed by a tiny, green creature which looks not unlike a plumber's friend with a hand at the top. In the center of the hand is a single eye. Vonnegut (the man) is pulling a red wagon. Inside the wagon is a 12-volt battery. Wires leading from the battery enter Vonnegut's grimy suit of underwear (red) from the flap in back and are attached to him in the vicinity of his groin.

DR. WELLS:

And just who the hell are you?

VONNEGUT:

Vonnegut.

DR. WELLS:

How did you get in here. And what's that thing you've got in the wagon?

VONNEGUT:

It's a non-chrono-orgastic-fertilium.

DR. WELLS:

A what?

VONNEGUT:

It sets you off.

DR. WELLS:

And what does that mean?

VONNEGUT:

You find yourself possessed of an erection.

DR. WELLS:

A what?

VONNEGUT:

An erection. The thing all this nonsense you've been working at for 40 years is supposed to accomplish.

DR. WELLS:

How does it work?

VONNEGUT:

Well, you see,these electrodes are hooked straight to the subject's nuts, thusly, then you throw the switch on the battery, and instant orgasm. That's why it's called a non-chrono-orgasmic-fertilium. It doesn't take any time at all.

DR. WELLS:

But does it really work?

VONNEGUT:

(Calls offstage). Come on in here, Virginia. *(A woman enters in an obvious state of advanced pregnancy. To Wells)* Satisfied?

DR. WELLS:

It's fantastic. But where did you ever get the idea?

VONNEGUT:

From my father. He was a veterinarian and he made a fortune after the plague struck. Everybody else's cows were dying off. My father would lead a bull up to a cow, get everything in position, and then "zap". We'd have a new calf.

DR. WELLS:

Vonnegut, let me be the first to congratulate you. Come down to my office and tell me more about it.

(As they move offstage, Vonnegut yells back from the wings:)

VONNEGUT:

Throw the switch, Plato!

Plato, the tralfamadorian, obliges.

VONNEGUT:

Ah-h-h-h-h-h!!!!

SCENE 6

Stage dims. When it brightens again, the scientists have been replaced by the second chorus. They come center stage. While they recite, props and actors for the last scene are being placed behind them, as quietly as possible.

CHORUS:

You see now, it all ends with ease.
Mankind once again has hope to cling to.
Another hour conquers man's disease.
And we will have our savior number two.
All it took was science, vision, guts.
And Vonnegut's electrodes on our nuts.

The chorus steps aside. There is now a curtain on stage behind which the baby will be delivered. Personages, Dr. Wells, Dr. Marston, nurses, other doctors, and Vonnegut.

DR. WELLS:

(speaking directly to the audience) Ladies and gentlemen. Please. Your attention, please.

I need hardly remind you of the importance of this operation I am about to perform. It might well be said that mankind's delivery depends on this delivery. *(He looks to the other doctors for a laugh. A few attempt a chuckle.)*

My capable staff and I will, hopefully, not only make history in obstetrics procedure, but history for mankind as well. If you will kindly take your places in the gallery, I believe you will find the patient in the advance stages of labor.

Groan is heard from behind the curtain.

DR. WELLS:

Ah, here it comes now, I believe.

An emphatic "unnh" is heard from behind the curtain, and the baby comes sailing over the top as if it is shot from a cannon. Doctor Wells deftly catches it. He holds the baby by the feet and smacks it on the ass. Nothing happens. He smiles nervously at the audience and smacks it again. Again, nothing happens. Dr. Wells is whispered for from the wings. Everyone gathers around Vonnegut who shrugs his shoulders and walks off the stage.

VONNEGUT:

So it goes.

Doctors follow him, shaking their heads. The chorus (1st) files on stage. Epilogue:

Lords and ladies, gentlemen, if you please,
Forgive us if we seem a bit verbose.
This new event brings mankind to its knees.
Of apathy the child has such a dose!
The savior whom our scientists have pledged to all,
Our wonder child, turns out a goddamned vegetable.

From offstage, as the Chorus leaves, comes a cry.

Hit the switch, Plato. Ah-h-h-h-h!!!!





The Attic



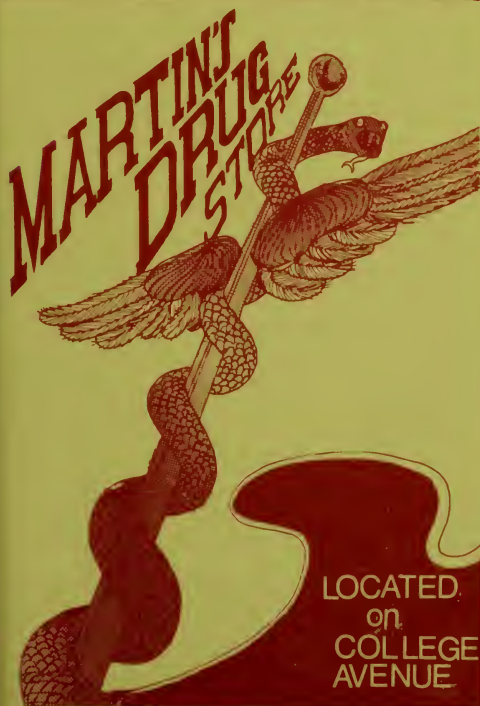
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